

1890.
FLORE
ES.
NCE
ICE
PANY.
LAW
ETY,
CST.
ES.
COM-
Mitted.
Lam.
C.C.
TO
Coke-
S

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,825, Vol. 70.

October 18, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

THE event of the end of last week was the disappearance of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN. This came within the Irish notion both of the witty and the heroic; but it is agreeable to see that English Gladstonians were not entirely happy in the circumstances. Let us hope that, as it happened to Mr. BROWNING'S DE LORGES under his wife's skilful education, their "nerves will grow firmer." The farce appears to have been even more farcical than was thought at first, the two martyrs stealing off in a small yacht, which beat about the Channel for a week, chased (in the vivid imagination of Mr. O'BRIEN) by revenue cutters, and at last victoriously reaching Cherbourg. They have been, as a matter of course, inundated with interviewers in Paris, and have talked as might be expected, the agony of their flight being enhanced by the additional incident that they once saw the Coast Guard station at the Land's End, which, of course, meant chains and slavery. "When we were boys," no doubt, these things seemed heroic. The Court at Tipperary, with that scrupulous fairness which the Parnellites abuse in both senses, decided *ad interim* against the Crown in the matter of going on with the proceedings in the absence of Mr. O'MAHONY, who, it is painful to hear, is suffering from illness of so terrible a nature that it must not even be inquired into too narrowly, and is certain to relapse severely at the very notion of appearing in Court. Finally, the Crown agreed to strike out Mr. O'MAHONY "without prejudice" to his chances, which all will hope are great, of recovering from this lamentable attack of *dicaetophobia*, or convulsions at the sight of judicial persons. A very important letter has been published from Mr. TUKE, the greatest and most impartial authority on Irish potato famines. Mr. TUKE can, unfortunately, draw nothing as an ultimate conclusion but the too certain moral that neither Coercion nor Home Rule will ever cure these famines, which are due to a combination of climate, soil, and "racial" habit and character; but he has plenty of good sense to offer on immediate questions. A very different publication of the week concerning Ireland is Mr. GLADSTONE'S curious "Appeal to the Tory Householder," on which we comment fully elsewhere. Mr. BALFOUR'S visit to Newcastle had scarcely begun at the period which this Chronicle covers, and his first speech was not delivered till after the *Saturday Review* went to press.

Foreign Affairs. It is, on the whole, good news that the Conference at Rome between English and Italian representatives on the delimitation of the Egyptian and Abyssinian frontiers has broken up without any result. We are quite sure that England could not have justly or safely surrendered Kassala to Italy; and we are not sure that Italy could have been reasonably expected, after conquering Kassala, to pledge herself to hand it back just when it became valuable to the Egyptians. At present the bear is very comfortably at large, and there will be plenty of time for commercial transactions about his skin later. The absurd *canard* which assigned as the reason of the action taken by England the refusal of France (which has nothing on earth to do with the matter) to recognize the transfer of Kassala to Italy could hardly have been originated, and could certainly not have been believed by, any one but a Frenchman.—Fresh "atrocities" are being industriously reported or invented on the Armenian border, and the undoubted atrocities of Armenians in Constantinople are being used as occasions for accusing the Porte of cruelty to those who attack priests in their own churches.—Meanwhile, OSMAN DIGNA, tired of being killed, has begun to be "broken up," and will, no doubt, show as much toughness and resolution under that dispensation as

under the former.—It would appear that the telegraphic clerks further embroiled the Ministerial embroilment in Portugal last week by making Senhor CHRYSOSTOMO and General D'ABREU Y SOUZA two different persons, they being in reality one. At last the venerable statesman (who is said to be eighty) formed a Ministry; but, as in his opening statement in the Chamber of Deputies he declares that he cannot recommend the Chamber to sanction the Convention, he is of comparatively little importance to Englishmen. Things will take their course, and in all probability the connecting strip between Mozambique and Loanda will be lost to Portugal. The Portuguese appear to be greatly disturbed by the entry of British gunboats into the Zambesi, and by a report that the Mount Hampden expedition has entered Manica Land. The former fact is confirmed, and is within the constantly-maintained right of England, Convention or no Convention. The latter is not fully confirmed, but explained to some extent by a subsequent telegram affirming the concession of rights in Manica Land by one of its native kings to Mr. COLQUHOUN, as representing the British South African Company. It is improbable that any such concession, if in violation or excess of the Convention, will be sanctioned in England so soon; but, if it were true, Portugal would only have herself to blame for not making haste to accept the Convention, which assured Manica Land to her.—The Ticino revolution seems to have ended by the quiet restoration of the Conservative Government to power. The result would appear to do great credit to the tact and firmness of Colonel KÜNZLI, the Federal Commissioner.—Some interest attached to the report that the compromise between the German and the Czech parties, which it had been hoped would put an end to a very undesirable jealousy, had broken down.—The German Socialist Congress at Halle has produced nothing of much importance, except a declaration by Herr LIEBKNECHT against physical force and outrages of all kinds, which is sensible and creditable enough. But the Anarchist section will never listen to such counsels, and it is the Anarchist section of Continental Socialists who are formidable. A French assembly of the same persuasion has since met at Calais.

Correspondence. Among letters we may select a brief condemnation of the MCKINLEY Bill by Mr. GLADSTONE (by the way, what have Englishmen got to do with that?), an enormous flood of further writing on the interesting subject of Archdeacon FARRAR and his publishers, and a confirmation by Sir SAMUEL BAKER of the opinions already held by all good authorities on the importance of Kassala.—Mr. Speaker PEEL has laid, or nearly so, the ghost of the Jamaica "bauble" mace which he lately raised; but the suggestion that it is somewhere in the submerged ruins of Port Royal ought to stimulate treasure-seekers.—"ANGLO-EGYPTIAN" has followed up the discussion on vandalism in Egypt by raising the cry of danger to the Pyramids. It is a pity, however, to use such language as "the Pyramids do not belong to Egypt; they are the inheritance of the world." Tall talk of that kind, even more inaccurate in fact than tall talk usually is, does no good and some harm.—An exceedingly sensible letter was published on Friday from the Duke of ARGYLL, in reference to the Eight Hours' Movement and to the new labour tyranny generally.

Speeches. On Friday week Lord ROSEBURY made an agreeable speech on being made a Burgess of Glasgow.—On Saturday Sir CHARLES RUSSELL talked Home Rule at Burnley, and on Tuesday Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN did the same at Stirling.—The Eccles election has also been fruitful in talking on both sides, and Gladstonians are hopeful that Mr. ROBY'S

capitulation on the Eight Hours Bill will win him the seat. Some interest was excited by the declaration of Mr. PILKINGTON, Chairman of Mr. ROBY'S Committee at Eccles, of his thorough disagreement with the candidate's views on the Eight Hours Question; but, as Gladstonians justly point out, this does not matter. They intend to catch everybody's votes as far as they can, and Mr. ROBY will be all things to all men.—On Wednesday Lord SPENCER addressed a meeting at the Monmouthshire Newport, in which he made the astonishingly novel assertion that Gladstonians are the true Unionists, and Mr. CHAPLIN reviewed the past Session at Osbournby.—Mr. FOWLER and Mr. RITCHIE chiefly represented the two sides on the platform of Thursday, Mr. FOWLER protesting that the Opposition could never have even thought of obstructing.

The last day of the Second October Meeting at Sport. Newmarket provided some interesting racing.

Memoir, who has been rather unlucky of late, ran away with the Newmarket Oaks; Mephisto, one of Prince SOLTYKOFF'S bevy of good old horses, defeated Melody and Signorina for the Thirteenth Challenge Stakes; the Queen of the Hills colt completely cut down a rather large field for the T. Y. C. Nursery, and Lord DURHAM'S Circassian, with, it is true, much the best of the weights, won the Newmarket Derby from one good and one excellent horse, Bel Demonio and Alloway. During the week there has been a good deal of second-class racing at Croydon, Newcastle, and Sandown, the double victory of Knight of Ruby in the Newcastle and Northumberland Autumn Plates being the chief noteworthy event.

A disastrous fire, in which several lives were lost, occurred in the City of London on Monday.—Ireland has been much occupied with celebrating the memory of Father MATHEW, respecting whom cynics have said that the reaction from his temperance preachings caused more whisky to be drunk in Ireland than had ever been known.—A service, interesting because rarely held, and very foolishly cavilled at in some letters to the *Times*, was conducted at St. Paul's on Monday by the Bishop of LONDON to "reconcile" the Cathedral—that is, in canonical language, to purge it of the stain of the recent suicide.—The lying-in-state at Olympia of Mrs. BOOTH and her subsequent funeral were both conducted with the execrable taste which has always marked the proceedings of the Salvation Army.—The Norwich Musical Festival began on Tuesday; and on the same day Peterborough Cathedral was reopened after its long period of repair.—The London County Council has, in that better mind which it has shown, at any rate at intervals, since its reassembling, determined to take action against sky signs.—The reported insubordination of the East Surrey Regiment appears to have been nothing more than one of the ebullitions of street larking and mischief in barracks which often precede embarkation for foreign stations, and are more likely than ever now that we enlist schoolboys.—The see of Rochester, vacant by the translation of Dr. THOROLD to Winchester, is to be filled by the Dean of WINDSOR. Dr. RANDALL DAVIDSON'S Churchmanship is not to our taste; but he is admittedly an able and vigorous administrator, whose powers are rather wasted in the dignified ease of Windsor. On the most dangerous matter which divides the Church—the persecution of those who exceed in ritual, while those who come short go scot free—he is, if not sound, yet tolerant.

The obituary of the week is unusually heavy. Obituary. Professor THOROLD ROGERS, who died after being for some time in failing health, was a very well-known figure both in London and in Oxford, and his characteristics make it somewhat difficult to speak of him at this moment. That his ability was much above the average, his accomplishments considerable, and his erudition more considerable still, is the simplest and barest truth. Years of labour among the college accounts in his University and elsewhere, had made him by far the most learned political economist in Europe as regards the historical facts of economy, and little weight as could be assigned to him as a politician, he added largely to the political knowledge of those who knew better how to use the facts he collected. He was also in his way (and not a bad way) a scholar. He was much liked by some intimate personal friends, and in general society, when he was under sufficient restraint and in a good temper, he was a very amusing companion. It was all the more lamentable that he constantly mistook coarseness for wit and intemperance for strength. His

manners and his judgment were on a par; and the reckless impropriety of his platform language once, at least, drew a warm remonstrance from the chairman of a meeting of his own political partisans. But these things to some extent brought their own punishment, and need be no more spoken of.—A very different specimen of the Professor was Mr. SELLAR, of whom we speak at greater length elsewhere—an elegant and admirable scholar in a style now unhappily growing obsolete, a man of letters as every scholar should be and is not, and the familiar and beloved friend of many good men.—Less known than either, Mr. A. J. DUFFIELD has not the less left to many men of many kinds a distinct sense of loss and the memory of a life spent in curious experiences, varied travel, and constant love for letters. Among his published works we may specially mention a novel, *The Beauty of the World*, and a volume of *Reisebilder*, lately issued, and entitled *Recollections of Travel*. In the pages of these, and of others of his books, may be found many marks of the qualities which endeared the author to those who knew him—brilliant flashes of humour, observation, and sympathy, and a touch of a quality which in its full perfection is called genius.—Lord LEE was a Scotch judge of merit; Mr. JOHN HANCOCK, of Newcastle, one of the greatest British authorities on taxidermy; General BELKNAP, an American politician in the intensest sense of the term; M. CALMOC, a French senator of the famous *centre gauche* type which has given some dignity but little strength to French Republicanism; Mr. DE SOYSA, a Ceylonese gentleman of vast wealth and beneficence.

The books of the week are the concluding Books, &c. volumes of Mr. LECKY'S *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (LONGMANS). But Mr. HORATIO BROWN has issued, with Mr. NIMMO as publisher, a stately and excellently informed volume on Venetian printing; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S *Landmarks of Homeric Study* (MACMILLAN) must not be passed over.

IRELAND.

A FAR less clever man than Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR might have had good game in speaking at Newcastle last night. Mr. MORLEY gave a handle, Mr. GLADSTONE another, but the feats of the Tipperary elopers gave the best of all. It would be paying a very bad compliment to the astuteness of Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON, those runaway heroes, to say that the noise which their latest feat of running away has made is due to the period of its occurrence. For the period itself, no doubt, entered into their calculations. There is still little that is serious to fill the papers, and there are a great many more people to read those papers than there were a month ago. Politicians who calculate an effect as carefully as any actor are not likely (especially after lending up to it so carefully) to levitate on the spur of the moment. It may also be admitted that the Press, grateful for a "subject," has somewhat played into their hand. That Nationalist organs should be noisily delighted is a matter of course; the expressions of delight were very probably written before the heroes escaped to America or France or some other receptacle of British offshootings. That English Gladstonians should have been rather puzzled and half-disgusted, but comforted by the thought that Mr. BALFOUR'S wickedness will account for anything, is also natural enough. But some Unionist utterances on the subject might have been wiser. When any animal—let us say that old favourite of literary comparison, the skunk—behaves according to its nature, it is surely unnecessary to apply to it uncomplimentary epithets. On the contrary, there is something pleasant in the spectacle of the uniformity of nature, of things "coming true," as the naturalists say. No prank which combined theatricality, contempt for authorities, and appeal to the more puerile characteristics of the Irish people, especially if it had a spice of the merely disreputable in it, such as is involved in turning tail, and leaving dupes and victims to bear the brunt, could be anything but congenial to an Irish patriot of the modern type. An ingenious person calculating these conditions, and adjusting them to actual circumstances, might almost arrive *à priori* at the exact conduct of persons of Mr. O'BRIEN'S stamp at any moment.

It should be needless to say that the talk about Mr. BALFOUR'S discomfiture, about the trick played on the Government, and so forth, is the merest *blague*. Those who utter it do not believe in it; do not expect any but

the merest dupes to believe it. There are no means by which a man charged with a bailable offence can be prevented from running away, unless he proclaim his intention on the housetops. "Bail," say the Gladstonian apologists, who are uncertain whether they are disgusted with Mr. O'BRIEN or not, "is not parole." It certainly is not; if it were, no one would be wild enough to trust an Irish patriot out on it. The money of those patriots, moreover, is so very lightly come by, that doubtless they do not set any great store by it. And, besides, are they not gone, or going, to get more? The two thousand pounds, the "paltry two"—to borrow the catchword of an agreeable though forgotten play—are merely as the salt to the mine wherein American housemaids and others are to be the bounteous shareholders. With a slight variation on the apostolic words, Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN are fully content that other people and other people's money shall spend, and be spent, in the sacred cause. They are nobly prepared to be fêted by silly Frenchmen and sharp Americans, instead of renewing the contest of the breeches; to take a little trip at somebody else's expense to the land of the free, instead of abiding in the land of plank-beds. If Ireland were the tyrant-governed country which fools believe it to be, and liars describe it as being, the escape of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN might be the check to Mr. BALFOUR's king which the Gladstonians call it. As matters actually stand, the chief positive result is the demonstration that this tyranny is the fondest and most vainly invented of things; and that, if English rule in Ireland deserves reprehension, it is for the incorrigible determination with which it treats skulking conspirators as if they were honourable antagonists on equal terms and unscrupulous enemies of society as if they were respectable partners in a game.

The escaped patriots have reappeared at last, and wondrous is the tale they tell to French interviewers and others. It took Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON close upon six days to sail in the yacht of a prominent Dublin citizen to Cherbourg. Thirty-six hours is the average time for this voyage, but, in this instance, the elements were unkind. Naturally, "our Irish friends," as Mr. O'BRIEN says, were exceedingly uneasy at this lapse of time; but now they are reassured, he exclaims, with a noble scorn of the perils he had endured. Those fervid souls, our Irish friends, might picture the patriots all those six days buffeted by dreadful storms in the Channel, threatened by shipwreck, starvation, and all the woes that befall the hardy mariner. As a matter of fact, calm and fog chiefly made up their weather. They had, it seems, a "tolerable storm" at Guernsey, and were pursued by a ship "of unknown nationality" for nearly six hours, not without some sensation, Mr. O'BRIEN confesses, to both fugitives. As a writer of fiction should, Mr. O'BRIEN knows how to make the most of a tolerable storm and the incident of the pursuing ship. A chase in a storm, even when the storm is only "tolerable" and a landsman's, is always a popular device in boys' books or *When we were Boys* literature. Perhaps it was the Phantom Ship that so shook the patriots' nerves; perhaps it was their guilty fears. But beyond this episode there seems nothing more sensational to note in Mr. O'BRIEN's six-days' log than a threatened scarcity of water and a daring day in the doldrums off the Land's End in the very eyes of the Coastguard. There they lay one Sunday becalmed, no doubt chuckling to their courageous souls on the piquancy of the situation, yet only too happy when night brought back the fog and concealed them. "But danger is immaterial," exclaims the hero of this pretty yarn, who had just performed the trick of giving leg-bail, and run away from another kind of danger. What are watchful Coastguards, tolerable storms, scant supply of water, the pursuing craft of the enemy? "Here we are safe," and great are the rejoicings of our Gladstonian friends, who never, no, positively never, were so completely at one with us. Such is Mr. O'BRIEN's sanguine view of the situation.

Like his fellow-patriot, Mr. DILLON was equally insistent upon the union of hearts between Gladstonians and Parnellites. All is well now that Mr. GLADSTONE has made himself understood by the conscience of his countrymen, though when this understanding took place Mr. DILLON does not inform us. It is as dark a saying as the renunciation of the dynamite policy by Mr. DILLON, which took effect "ever since Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches." We are not told what speeches they are that are thus vaguely referred to; but it would appear from Mr. DILLON's further announcements that Mr. GLADSTONE is not even permitted

to father his own Home Rule scheme, or do what he will with his own. Asked by his interviewer if his (*i.e.* Mr. DILLON's) Home Rule scheme involves the separation of Great Britain and Ireland, Mr. DILLON's reply is, "Mr. GLADSTONE has replied to that with our approval." Here, indeed, is an affecting instance of the union of Gladstonian and Parnellite hearts. Mr. GLADSTONE submitting himself to the patronage and approval of Mr. DILLON is the sorriest sight we have been compelled to witness since Mr. GLADSTONE's new friends were supposed to have renounced the resources of dynamite.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR^{N.Y.}

IN the nick of time, just when the cultivated British public is rapt in blissful contemplation of Archdeacon FARRAR, his publishers, his *Life of Christ*, and his other "popular" works on religious subjects, there reaches us from across the Atlantic a story which seems to have been made on purpose to show how, even in the production of authors of *Lives of Christ*, the United States can outdo us as completely as they can in every other department of human activity. As Boston is to Boston, Mass., as DICKENS is to E. P. ROE, and Mrs. OLIPHANT to Miss AMELIE RIVES, so is Archdeacon FARRAR to his counterpart in the United States. Like a shadow of gigantic size thrown on a sheet by a light just behind the figure, the American Archdeacon may be said, in sporting phrase, to "represent" our Archdeacon "at" a ridiculously light weight—or, to use a mathematical figure, perhaps better suited to the gravity of the topic, the American representative may be described as Archdeacon FARRAR "raised" to the power of New York, and symbolically written "Archdeacon FARRAR^{N.Y.}"

Archdeacon FARRAR^{N.Y.} is a person named TALMAGE. Just as the Archdeacon is the most popular of English preachers (see the *Times*), TALMAGE is the most popular of American preachers. He draws crowds such as British churches never knew to some "tabernacle," or other American joss-house, at Brooklyn, either the same as that formerly "run" by the lamented BEECHER, or another. As the Archdeacon is "popular" (in his style), TALMAGE is farcically vulgar. Where the Archdeacon is unctuously patronizing, TALMAGE is brutally blasphemous. The Archdeacon's books are rhetorical and verbose, TALMAGE's are mountainous in their diction and inhumanly long. This is almost enough to establish the parallel, but the coincidence of a fortnight ago is so striking as to be almost incredible. At or about the time of the Church Congress here a circular was sent round to editors of American newspapers. It informed them that "on or about the 29th of September" there would "appear in three or four thousand newspapers" of the United States an elaborate and illustrated review "of Dr. TALMAGE's *Life of Christ*." The combined circulation of these newspapers will be some 30,000,000. In addition to these reviews, Dr. TALMAGE will preach a special sermon on the 28th of September on the life of CHRIST. "... your intelligence will inform you of the remarkable influence of so much newspaper talk." Therefore, went on the circular, "We advise you to make yourself familiar with the prospectus, and also begin the canvass by getting the leading people of your community to subscribe, and then making a thorough canvass secure a large list of orders." A "preliminary circular" on the same subject had set forth that any editor publishing the review, which would be "in an entertaining style," and also paying one dollar for the plates which would accompany it, would receive gratis a copy of the work, the subscription price of which would be ten dollars, "in the elegant edition de luxe binding." That is, as a commentator has pointed out, each of the 3,000 or 4,000 editors was to pay one dollar, and insert a three-column advertisement, and receive in return a ten-dollar book.

The circulars gave further interesting particulars, tending to show that Archdeacon FARRAR^{N.Y.} is as far ahead of his English original as his publishers are of Messrs. CASSELL & Co. They told how he had been at work on his book for thirty-five years, and, perhaps best of all, how, "with the purpose of verifying what had already been written..." "the Doctor made an extended pilgrimage through the Mediterranean countries, Egypt, and the Holy Land." The notion of TALMAGE making a pilgrimage for the purpose of adding the "benefit of his personal inspection"—the words are in the circular—to the weight of authority in

favour of the accuracy of the Gospel narrative undoubtedly out-FARRARS FARRAR. It almost seems to justify the coarse language of a certain "man who had read an advance copy of the book," and was "interviewed" about it. He said:—"The book itself is a rare conglomeration of pernicious nonsense, in which TALMAGE is held up and displayed and extolled and advertised, while poor CHRIST, in the story of His own life, plays a minor part." This is abusive, and even vulgar; but how is it for a criticism on *The Life of Christ*? The circular further adds that "the results of the years of study and the Eastern pilgrimage will be crystallized in a book of some 600 large quarto pages, containing over 400 illustrations . . . the title of this book will be 'From Manger to Throne,' and the volume will embrace a new Life of CHRIST, a history of Palestine and its people, and [mark this] a graphic account of Dr. TALMAGE's celebrated journey. Preparations have been made for an immense edition of this work, and it is certain that it will have the largest sale of any book of modern times." This remarkable history of Yankee piety, enterprise, and good taste is heralded in the Transatlantic journal from which our information is derived by the head-lines:—"TALMAGE'S GIGANTIC 'AD.'—How HIS 'LIFE OF CHRIST' WILL BE BOOMED TO-MORROW.—30,000,000 Newspaper Readers to Have the Advertisement Spread Before Them in the Guise of an Honest Book Review." And very proper head-lines, too. A short extract from the work itself is given. It begins:—"I [TALMAGE] have found a new Bible"; and it ends by the boast that he has found "a new book of LUKE, since I read its twenty-third chapter on the bluff of Golgotha, at the place where there is room for but three crosses." It will be observed that this sentence supplies most interesting corroboration of the assertions, not only of St. LUKE, but also of the other Evangelists. It is all truly surprising, and shows what might and, we are much afraid, would have become of Archdeacon FARRAR if he had happened to be raised to the power of New York.

PRAISE FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

AT its last meeting the London County Council gave further evidence of a steadier spirit, and of a disposition to stick to its more needful duties. No matter what may have determined the change—the chastening of experience, the medicine of criticism, the moderating effect of impecuniosity, the fear of ratepayers, with a day of judgment in view—it is a wholesome and a pleasant change.

One piece of business which the Council dealt with on Tuesday in an incidental way does not seem to have been sufficiently considered yet from an important point of view. The acquisition of parks and pleasure-grounds for the ever-thickening population of London is beyond doubt a good thing; and so is the broadening of streets, the facilitation of traffic, and much else that costs a great deal of money if handsomely carried out. But, though attention is given to it in a very spasmodic way, and though, even so, years of time and millions of money have been spent upon it, no business before the local authorities of London is comparable in importance with the drainage into the Thames. This is not, perhaps, the most appropriate season of the year for making that remark. Winter approaches, and cholera does not, so far as we are aware, though much has been heard of its appearance this summer on various lines of route to the port of London. But the fact that this panic-striking malady has been on the move again, noticeably last year and much too plainly this, should remind County Councillors and all concerned that a hot summer and a cholera visitation would probably drive London wild with a condition-of-the-Thames question. No very severe epidemic would be necessary to produce that result, with Special Commissioners from the newspaper offices sniffing in every reach of the river, and fetching up samples in their own bottles at every state of the tide. With all the Committeeing and all the cash that has been expended on the river, the utmost that can be said for the result is that the conversion of the Thames into an absolute sewer has been delayed. The impurity of its waters is less menacing than it would have been but for the intervention of main-drainage schemes; but, though its condition has not been a newspaper topic lately, the Thames is in an abominably filthy state, and has not yet been prevented from becoming a danger of enormous magnitude. Remedy is not inactive; but the evil is constantly increasing, and the remedy itself

is accused of having added to the danger in a dangerous way—namely, out of sight. The bed of the river in its lower reaches is said to be loading more and more with a foul deposit flooded back by the tides; and this, no doubt, is what Mr. AENEAS SMITH was thinking of when he said at Tuesday's meeting that "the whole of their sewage scheme from Barking to Crossness was a sham and a failure." Of one thing we may be pretty sure, at any rate. Given a certain state of the atmosphere, such as in previous years has raised a most palpable and noxious effluvia from London's great highway, and if therewith cholera broke out upon the river's banks with half the violence of its last visitation, the chances are that panic would drive local authorities into sudden expenditure-schemes that would leave very little for the purchase of parks at Brockwell or Bostal Heath. The purification of the Thames, or rather the prevention of its becoming a tidal pestilence, is a difficulty so far beyond the calculations and the capability of those who originally attempted to deal with it that something like despair seems to have settled upon the whole business. But it is not a business that can be let alone, like the building of a pyramid or the excavation of a Channel Tunnel. However great the difficulties it presents, they must be overcome; and every other demand upon the resources of the London population, or the care of its representatives in Vestry or Council assembled, is far inferior to that which arises from "the pollution of the Thames." However, the work is going on. It is not neglected. A fee of 500*l.* has been paid to Sir BENJAMIN BAKER (this alone would be enough to show how the matter stands after years of costly experiment) to report on the whole question; and as Sir BENJAMIN BAKER is a new and unexhausted authority, his report may be looked for with hope. Meanwhile, 23,000*l.* for another "sludge ship" to assist the dismally disappointing operations at Barking.

"Sky-signs" more particularly engaged the attention of the London County Council on Tuesday, and here the right thing was promptly resolved upon. The Building Committee reported "the erection of sky-signs on various premises in the metropolis" without leave or license of the Council; and as the Committee considered these sky-signs dangerous as well as otherwise objectionable, they recommended that proceedings at law should be taken by a test case. It would appear from this recommendation that the Committee itself is in doubt as to whether sky-signs may not be erected without the Council's leave; and it does seem questionable whether these structures, or any but the worst of them, can be forbidden under the provisions of the Building Act. Bye-laws to regulate them and diminish their danger might be passed, but this (fortunately) is not all that the Council aims at. No mere regulation, probably, could do away with the danger of these structures; certainly not with the monstrous disfigurement they inflict upon a city which has suffered enough from one sort of "enterprize" and another already. Since Mr. HUDSON's offence (presently withdrawn and apologized for) directed public attention so strongly to that gentleman's worthy bacon business, a rage for sky-signs has broken out amongst the more energetic shopkeepers of this "great metropolis." Invention is set at work to produce designs taller, broader, and more striking than any before exhibited; and unless an effectual check be put upon this novel means of advertisement, it will become almost ridiculous to spend more money in beautifying a city by no means the least beautiful in the world. Spite of ambitious failures in all directions, London town is far more sightly than it was in our fathers' days. What the cost has been in taxation and out of private pocket cannot be fully estimated, but it must amount to a prodigious sum; and now the sky-raking advertiser is to spoil all for the sake of gaining a trade advantage over his more decent and scrupulous competitor in beef or bacon. It is quite intolerable. Even though sky-signs added nothing to the peril of fire, wind-storm, and thunder-storm, there would be ample cause for forbidding them altogether. That is the purpose of the London County Council. What power the Council may have to do away with these latter-half-of-the-nineteenth-century edifices appears uncertain. In all likelihood municipal authority is insufficient for the excellent end in view; which is not merely to lessen the danger of sky-signs—that might be done by means that increased their hideousness—but to abolish their use outright. A test case, well chosen and carefully prepared, will reveal what can and cannot be done without resort to Parliament. Should it appear that existing powers suffice, very well. If not, then, with a judicial

decision to show the present limitation of its powers, the Council will ask Parliament for full authority.

This course seems to us a wise one and much to be applauded. For once, at least, boldness and discretion combine in Spring Gardens policy; and the Council will have its reward in the hearty approval of the whole community. We feel sure that its Parliamentary Committee need not be afraid this time (if, indeed, it ever knew fear) of asking too much of the House of Commons. Too much will not be asked if the Committee make it clear that what they propose is to make a clean sweep of advertisement erections above house roofs. The sky-sign of which Mr. HUDSON's is the best-known example is only a development of humbler but quite sufficiently hideous structures set up in various parts of London years ago. It will simplify matters extremely if it is decided that—after a given time—all such offences shall be removed; or certainly that no addition to their number, whether rather dangerous or very dangerous, partially or completely obstructive, somewhat unsightly or absolutely hideous, shall be allowed. Official time would be sadly wasted in disputation over degrees of ugliness in a matter like this; and it would be wise to avoid suspicions of favouritism and the heartburnings of the unsuccessful applicant who saw a rival advertiser—haply in the same street—hoisting a permitted sign.

HIS OWN SOUL.

IT may be two or three years since Mr. FRANCIS GALTON entertained the world with the contrivances of sundry persons who asserted, in answer to leading questions, that they nourished in their minds imaginary visual renderings of numbers, from one onwards. There were pictures of the contrivances, and "very gay, very foolish, indeed," they looked to the unscientific eye. An anonymous person has now produced something of the same sort on his or her own account, under the title of *Soul Shapes* (London: FISHER UNWIN), in a large, precious volume of the best paper, with fairly good print and enormous margins. The subject of it is souls instead of numbers—that is to say, it purports to explain how the author mentally sees souls. It is "Dedicated to the Blue Soul."

All souls are divided into two classes—"surface souls" and "deep souls." All souls known to the author, except one, are of several colours, or shades of colour. "The 'Soul-Colours' are five in number—namely, yellow, red, blue, brown, and grey"—and sometimes *w* and *y*, the author must surely have intended to add. All shallow or "surface" souls are chiefly yellow, and all deep souls are chiefly brown. Moreover, they are divided into divisions, and the divisions are indicative of qualities and capacities, like the patches on a phrenological chart. Some divisions are red, and these denote qualities which are "forcibly developed or artificial." Pictures are given of four specimen souls, or rather, of three specimen souls and one individual soul. Following the pictures are explanations of what the shapes and colours mean.

The first picture is of a surface soul. It is highly irregular in shape, and has a general look of a decayed octopus. Like most other souls it has three main provinces, representing Intellect, Morals, and Affections. The Affections, which consist of Generosity, Sympathy, Devotion, and Constancy, are rather darker yellow than the rest. They look as if they were a more solid part of the octopus, or not so far gone. There are also two patches of red, and these, we regret to say (because it shows that they are forcibly developed or artificial), are Religion and Duty. The surface soul is in danger of being troubled by "emotions," indicated by little spiral coils, and if it has too many "gets by degrees into a floppy state that is not at all healthy." Surface souls are not any worse than deep souls, but are commonly found among poets, artists, musicians, "especially actors," and women. The deep soul in the next picture is like a small, square brick, of a dirty brown colour. It is quadrilateral, and fairly symmetrical. It has four red spots, but the picture does not say what they are. As a deep soul is deeper or thicker than a shallow soul, it is superficially much smaller. "Deep souls are to be found in great number among Philosophers, Scientific People, and Philanthropists," and Men. The third picture is of a "mixed soul." It is deep (and brown) in the middle, and shallow (and yellow) all round. It is of a regular oval shape, and bears a strong resemblance to a poached egg seen through yellowish glass.

"SHAKESPEARE'S Soul must have looked something like this." The last picture is of a blue soul. It looks exactly like a jelly-fish, turned blue by cold or emotion, or some suitable chemical substance. It is circular, and blue all over. "Blue shows goodness," and the author has never known any blue soul except the one of which this is a picture. It consists of Sympathy, Discernment, Affection, Generosity, Worship, Enthusiasm, Humility, Courage, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love of Nature. "It is impossible to give any idea of the beauty of this Soul [to which, it will be remembered, the volume is dedicated]. The colour is of the purest blue; it sparkles like a sapphire [the illustrator has failed to suggest this effect], and is surrounded by a sort of brilliant iridescence." There are no divisions between Intellect, Morals, and Affections, as in souls of other colours. They are all merged together in the qualities enumerated above. "St. FRANCIS of Assisi 'had a blue soul.' Who can be the happy individual who owns the soul depicted by the author? The task of speculation would hardly be less endless than interesting, and we will therefore merely record our conviction that the blue soul is lodged in the person of the author of *Soul Shapes*."

ROWDIES AND RANTERS.

MR. LESLIE ROBERTSON deserves well of the public, or at least of every one who hates unnecessary noise. The obsequies of Mrs. BOOTH have lately absorbed the energies of the Salvation Army, and in the rural haunts of the Salvationist there was for a time comparative pause. But the case of Chelsea, or, to speak more specifically, of Cheyne Walk, is rather a hard one. The ordinary Londoner, however indifferent he may be to disturbances during the week, values the relative repose of Sunday. Whether he goes to church or chapel or prefers to meditate at home, he desires, not unreasonably, a somewhat calmer atmosphere than that of his working hours. Unfortunately, his weakness is the Salvationist's opportunity. It seems to be the theory of Mr. BOOTH's disciples that, if you keep a man awake when he wants to go to sleep, or make him listen when he wants to read, or rob his armchair of its attractions, and finally drive him out of his house, you conduce in some mysterious manner to the welfare of his soul. It may be, of course, that the preachers of the pavement, with their "orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones," merely wish to provide employment for the Recording Angel, whose post will certainly not be a sinecure so long as they pursue their practices. But, whatever their motives may be, their behaviour is a serious nuisance, and Mr. SHEIL has not acted prematurely in doing something to abate it. Mr. LESLIE ROBERTSON, of Cheyne Walk, described his sufferings in a manner which will come home to thousands of fellow-victims. "Close to his dining-room windows he was subjected to the din of concertinas, a cornet, a big drum, and a sort of Salvation Army style of preaching which was 'most objectionable.' Magistrates are not critics of style. People may preach any gospel they please in any language they think fit, provided always that they do not offend public decency or disturb the public peace. It may seem strange that Mr. ARMYTAGE, the defendant in this case, who appears to be an educated man, should believe this kind of grotesque exhortation, and still more grotesque anathema, to be productive of really religious sentiment. But, if he does seriously hold this belief, he has a right to hold it, and to argue him out of it would be impossible. Only he and his friends are no more at liberty to shriek and play outside a man's dining-room window than the inmate would have to rush out and assault them with a stick because he did not happen to like their music or their doctrines."

The defendant's counsel endeavoured to impress Mr. SHEIL with the novel and interesting, but not particularly relevant, fact that "preaching in the highways is one of the best-established practices known to Christianity." Mr. SHEIL's retort was neat and effective. "At the time 'people preached in the highways,' he said, 'the Act of WILLIAM IV. was not passed, and under that I shall convict your client, and order him to pay a penalty of forty shillings, and twelve and sixpence costs—distress, or fourteen days.' The standard of magisterial humour is not so high nowadays that this terse and vigorous repartee ought to pass wholly unnoticed. It need hardly be said

that an attempt was made to bring Lord COLERIDGE's ruling in the *Whitchurch* case into the service of the defendant. In commenting upon that remarkable summing-up, the suitable close of an extraordinary trial, we pointed out that its consequences might be equally mischievous and widespread. Mr. SHEIL, however, managed to evade it, and, indeed, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, though he espoused the cause of the Salvationists with somewhat unjudicial vehemence, scarcely laid down any novel proposition of law. His observations rather went to show that the prosecution had not proved the facts stated in opening, than that, if proved, they would not have constituted an offence. At all events, Mr. SHEIL was so clear about the law that he refused to state a case, and unless the defendant can get a *mandamus*, which is not likely, it must be assumed that Mr. SHEIL is right. Two points ought to be mentioned. In the first place, the complainant's counsel said that "the real Salvation Army had, by request, gone away from the place," but that Mr. ARMYTAGE's "corps," which seems to be exempt from the discipline which Mr. BOOTH imposes, would not follow their example. This shows that the Salvation Army is the cause of worse evils than itself. In the second place, Constable PHILLIPS "deposed that the police did not themselves complain of the obstruction, as the traffic at the spot was not 'great, but the inhabitants complained.'" This is satisfactory, because it shows that the Act of WILLIAM IV. prohibits even a partial obstruction of the thoroughfare, and does not merely apply to instances of complete stoppage.

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THE scheme of pensions for uncovenanted workmen which was put before and approved by an extraordinary general meeting of the Great Eastern Railway Company on Tuesday acquires additional interest from the labour disputes which have been so rife recently. These disputes, in a manner, culminated in the dispute between the ALLAN line and the corn-porters, of which we gave some account last week. Although the corn-porters' case has practically gone by default, no man being so hardy as to lift up his voice in their favour, their restiveness continued long, and it appears to be impossible at certain of the London docks to rely on a steamer being loaded or unloaded in a given time, not merely on an emergency (such as that which has happened in a case later than that of the *Grecian* and *Tower Hill*), but in the ordinary course of business. In the particular instance it appears that an agreement has been at last come to; but whether that agreement will be kept is another matter. It is no wonder that employers are taking measures to remedy a state of things so intolerable. One means is the formation of a corps of permanent "free" labourers, independent of the Union rules, and willing to exchange the alternation under the old system of fat and lean weeks for a reasonable fixed wage. This offensive-defensive movement ought to extend to other docks and other trades, and if it does so the power of the Unions for evil will be almost entirely destroyed, while the state of things which, it is alleged, Unions remedy—to wit, the existence of a crowd of irregularly paid and employed casual labourers—will either cease or be much mitigated. It does not, however, follow that Unions need be entirely abolished; for there are still functions which they may legitimately discharge, and which, when their most dangerous weapons are wrested out of their hands, they could discharge, not merely without offence to the law, but without any to the well-being of society. Only the employers must not commit the fault which those of their class are peculiarly prone to commit, and which has precipitated all the revolutions of the world. They must dismiss the maxim that "Half a loaf is better than no bread," make no terms with the Unions, and fight for liberty with no huckstering war of compromise and half-heartedness, such as that which has made it almost hopeless to help the Irish landlords.

Offensive measures, however, are only half the battle. The one strong point of the otherwise indefensible system of Trade-Unionism is the appeal, not only to sentiment, but to reason, which the condition of the aged labourer in an advanced and over-populated society makes. In earlier and simpler stages the difficulty does not occur. Even quite recently, in less crowded and hurried days, few people thought of turning out an old tenant, an old labourer, an old servant. There was a corner for him somewhere, nominal duties, the "run of his teeth" at least. Nowadays this is

impossible; even the landowner, though he still does it to some extent, cannot do it universally. The labour employer, with his thousands of workmen all clamouring for the top-wage of the market, and most of them unwilling to do a stroke of work, even at that top-wage, if it inconveniences them, would be a bankrupt in a year or two if he even attempted it. The limited company, which is gradually swallowing all employership, has, without extraordinary general meetings, almost certain opposition, and a costly fuss, no power to do it at all. Accordingly, some kind of superannuation fund for labourers not at yearly wages becomes a very important thing indeed. It takes away from the worker that most harassing of all thoughts, "I am, perhaps, provided for as long as my strength and my wits last; but when they fail, what then?" which weighs on classes much higher in what is called the social scale. It knits the strong bond of interest between employer and employed; it affords opportunity for the display of the most difficult of all the virtues, a rational and discerning charity, in addition to the men's contributions. That it is gall and wormwood to Trade-Unionism itself is scarcely in its disfavour. We give no opinion on the details of the Great Eastern scheme, which is avowedly tentative, but which seems to be on the whole cautiously, and at the same time generously, framed, so that a good workman will have the maximum of benefit, and even a bad one will not be able to allege that anything that is his has been kept back when he is dismissed or dismisses himself. But there is no doubt that this system of combined insurance and deferred pay is the "word of the enigma" in times such as ours, when the personal relation between employer and employed is constantly growing weaker, and yet the dependence of each on the other for their own and the general welfare is constantly increasing.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE REVOLVER.

THE occurrence of another fatal outrage in the Kingsland Road has once more drawn general attention to the case of WALTER HARGAN, now under sentence of twenty years' penal servitude for manslaughter. The facts of that case, which naturally and inevitably excited a good deal of public interest, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. There was a row in a pothouse, and HARGAN, an old soldier, interfered for the protection of the landlady. On leaving the premises he was followed by three of the ruffians. He drew a revolver which he carried about him, and deliberately fired three shots at them. His aim was good. One of the three, supposed to be an idiot, but apparently possessed of more sense than his companions, threw himself on the ground, and the bullet intended for his head passed harmlessly over his body. The other two were killed on the spot. HARGAN was indicted for murder, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced by Mr. Justice CHARLES to the punishment already described. The latest victim of Kingsland barbarity is GEORGE HUDSON, a Dalston chair-maker, who met his death by violence early last Saturday morning. As two men are in custody on the charge of killing HUDSON by beating him about the head, it would be improper to remark upon the particulars of the crime. But this latest murder, as it certainly seems to have been, whoever committed it, illustrates the condition of the district, and incidentally throws some light upon the moral, as distinguished from the legal, qualities of HARGAN's offence. It is quite plain that the Kingsland Road has been for some time infested by gangs of roughs, who commit violent assaults with comparative impunity. HUDSON may or may not have been one of them. He was drinking in their company, and they seem to have been on more or less friendly terms. HARGAN was a stranger to the men he shot, and bore a most respectable character. If he had not carried a revolver he might now be at liberty. But, on the other hand, he might be dead. A letter signed "Englishman," which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* at the end of last week, suggests the probability of the latter alternative, and shows that in the Kingsland Road, if anywhere in London, a decent man may excusably carry a deadly weapon. "Some time ago," writes this correspondent, "I had occasion to accompany my father, who had business to transact in Kingsland, and during the time in which he was engaged I passed my time away in walking up and down the street. Quite suddenly I became aware of the fact that my presence had attracted the attention of several public-house loafers, who, after cursing my impertinence in presuming

"to perambulate their sacred thoroughfares, waited until my back was turned, and then dealt a heavy blow at my head." "Englishman" defended himself with nature's weapons. "In less than a minute I had the whole gang upon me, and was getting a severe handling when assistance arrived." He concludes by observing that, if he had had a revolver, he should have used it as HARGAN did, and might have met HARGAN's fate.

Now, of course, it may be said that "Englishman" begs the question, and assumes HARGAN to have been acting in self-defence. If HARGAN had reasonable ground to believe that his own life was in danger, he was justified in taking the lives of his assailants, and was entitled to an acquittal. If the HOME SECRETARY were even now convinced of that fact, he would doubtless order HARGAN's immediate and unconditional release. Mr. HERBERT STEPHEN has argued in the *St. James's Gazette* that the evidence, of which he procured the shorthand notes, does not bear out that hypothesis, but that, on the contrary, HARGAN was not in any actual danger when he fired. Had it been otherwise, it is difficult to imagine that a London jury, directed by a competent judge, would have found him guilty, much more that such a penalty would have been imposed. But, assuming that the verdict was right, it does not follow that the sentence is not excessive. The discretion of a judge in cases of manslaughter is absolute. The sentence may be penal servitude for life, or a day's imprisonment, dating from the opening of the Commission, and involving instant discharge. The discretion of a judge is not always the same thing as judicial discretion, and by some tribunal or other sentences must be occasionally revised. It was impossible at the trial to give evidence as to the reputation and career of HARGAN's victims. But there can be no doubt that they were professional rowdies, "members," as HARGAN's solicitor puts it, "of a gang of roughs and desperate characters who infested the neighbourhood of 'Kingsland.'" It would not be safe to lay down the principle that people of this sort could be shot on sight, because little mistakes might from time to time occur. But it seems rather hard that an old soldier should spend the best part of his life in a "shameful slavery" because he has done a public service in an illegal and irregular way.

MR. GLADSTONE APPEALS.

THE document addressed by Mr. GLADSTONE as an "Appeal to the Tory householder" (but why not lodger?) in a quarterly periodical, or collection of essays, which is called *Subjects of the Day*, which has reached its third number, and which is published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, could hardly be otherwise than interesting. It is interesting because of the tone of its reference to the Liberal-Unionists, which can be most forcibly pictured by imagining a High Priest of BAAL addressing the Tory householders of Judah, and referring in passing to those seven thousand of his fellow-Israelites who had not bowed the knee to his idol. It is interesting because of its admission that there is such a thing as a Tory householder who is not a duke or a University man, or some other "child predestined of the deil." It is very interesting because of its further recognition of the plea—long ago urged here and in other quarters, but hitherto almost neglected by Mr. GLADSTONE and his lieutenants—that one would like to hear some argument for Home Rule different from shrieks about Mitchelstown and Mr. O'BRIEN's breeches on the one hand, and from Mr. MORLEY's gloomy warning that the Irish will never be happy till they get Home Rule, and that while they are unhappy they will make themselves so intensely unpleasant that they must even have what they cry for. But it is most interesting of all because of the absence from it—an absence of which, though it is rash speaking on such a point, we verily believe Mr. GLADSTONE himself to be unconscious—of the very thing that it pretends (we use the word in no offensive sense) to give. Mr. GLADSTONE assumes—nay, he politely enough asserts, with little beating about the bush, that the Tory householder does not think, and he offers him subjects for thought—the continued discontent of Ireland, the thirteen seats won in five years, the block of Irish business in Parliament, the drop of Irish population and the failure of Irish wealth to keep pace with English, the expense of the present system, the experience of other nations, and so forth. He asks plain-

tively, "Why?", considering all these things, the Tory householder will kick against the pricks? And all the while he does not see that he has not come near this "Why" at all in his own remarks, and that almost every one of his own contentions might be granted for the sake of argument, and the Tory householder's objection to giving Home Rule remain as good as ever.

It may be that Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to rule out all Tories who do think, and in that case of course there is nothing to be said. If he is not, we can give him a very short and sufficient answer—the answer of Tory householders who think, who had before 1886 given more years than Mr. GLADSTONE had, by his own confession, given months to the study of Irish history, who are thoroughly acquainted with the state of Ireland, and not exactly ignorant of any one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Continental, Colonial, and American parallels. That answer is twofold. First, none of the evils which Mr. GLADSTONE points out is necessarily, demonstrably, or historically the offspring of Union as opposed to Home Rule. Secondly, the admission of Home Rule instead of Union in such a State as Great Britain and Ireland is necessarily, demonstrably, and historically certain, as far as the same causes may be trusted to produce the same effects, to produce not merely aggravations of these very evils, but new and worse evils still. We say that the population and wealth arguments do not touch the question, because the facts can be accounted for in other ways; that the foreign and Colonial parallels are no parallels; that Home Rule would probably, if not certainly, give the Imperial Parliament far more trouble than coerced Ireland does; that the probable, if not certain, reconquest of Ireland by main force would, in expense and evils of all kinds, dwarf the present inconveniences; that a semi-independent Ireland once practically crippled us, and that we will not run the risk of the same thing again; that we will not put those who trust us, and are loyal, at the mercy of those who know neither loyalty nor trust. This is the Tory householder's "Why," and he can give Mr. GLADSTONE twenty more wherefore to back it up if they be wanted.

POISONING BY VESTRY.

THE Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the Paddington Vestry recently declared that diphtheria in Paddington was "no new thing." During the last ten years, he added, it had been known in that parish and in Kensington. "The cause," writes Mr. E. H. CARBUTT, "is not difficult to discover"; and Mr. CARBUTT discovers it in the "foul, suffocating smell" that comes over the district at night, and is so strong that "it positively wakes people who are sleeping with their windows open." Like the prevalence of diphtheria, the abominable and dangerous nuisance of which Mr. CARBUTT complains is no new thing. The nuisance and the diphtheria have arisen and are thriving together. Whether we regard them as cause and effect, as Mr. CARBUTT does, and marvel at this last product of "our much-vaunted sanitary science," is a matter of secondary importance. The nuisance is intolerable, and must be put down. The matter has been brought to the notice of the Vestries of Kensington and Paddington repeatedly, and nothing has been done. Nor is there any prospect that anything will be done until the perpetrators of the nuisance are indicted. Mr. CARBUTT wants to know if the Vestry is powerless. It seems, from the interesting letter of Mr. LLOYD, who writes from Campden Hill, that the Kensington Vestry is only too powerful. It appears that the sickening smell that wakens sleepers, and leaves them with headache and sorethroat and fever, is caused by the burning of the refuse of the parish on the waste land known as the "Brickfields" in North Kensington. We believe it is no secret that this disgusting operation is done in the name of science, and has received the blessing of a kind of scientists. But this explanation does not appease the offended noses and suffering throats of the inhabitants of Campden Hill and its neighbourhood. The choice of such a locality as "brickfields" for a scientific experiment of this sort is not without ingenuity. When the foul and filthy air is wafted so far and so strong as to stir some vestryman, it is so natural in him to allay expostulation with a convincing reference to the brickfields. "It is only 'the brickfields!'" is his cheerful rejoinder to the complaints of the outraged ratepayer.

Brickfields are not altogether pleasant places to sleep

near or to sojourn in, but they are paradises in comparison with the nocturnal atmosphere of Kensington in a stilly night with the scientific refuse-burning in full blast. Those who know somewhat of the miscellaneous nature of the scourings of dust-bins would not care to risk the chance of such a venture. No earthly brickfield ever produced the sickening smell that has made night horrible in Kensington of late. The experiences of some recent Sundays on Campden Hill, owing possibly to extra fuel and "damping" on the Saturday night, can only be compared to the voyage down the Fleet, past Bridewell to the Thames, immortalized in BEN JONSON'S poem. There is not an incident of that doughty deed that is not vividly suggested to the sleeper awakened by the deadly odour in the small hours of morn, when the vital powers are at their feeblest. The Rev. T. J. GASTER is properly sensitive to the nocturnal smell, "something like tar and sulphur," of which he complains in Peckham, and shrewdly suspects to be something its authors are ashamed of, or are afraid to produce in the day, when people are wide-awake. Mr. GASTER is less unfortunate than the people of Kensington. A night of tar and sulphur were a welcome change at Campden Hill, where an alterative of some kind—tar or sulphur, for example—would be a boon to all Kensington. At Peckham, says Mr. GASTER, "it comes in the night only," no man knowing whence; at Kensington they are not always so cautious, and everybody knows the source of the nuisance. Mr. J. E. LATTON-PICKERING, Mr. W. HIGGINS-JACOB, and others, write letters in corroboration of Mr. CARBUTT'S statement. Mr. LATTON-PICKERING wishes to know if it is not time that Parliament prevented such nuisances. Mr. HIGGINS-JACOB suspects some parochial person of the superfluous deed of stirring up the dust-hole refuse of Paddington by night, and thus causing a horrible stench. That such deeds should be done in the dark is very hard upon nature, who is ever doing her best to purify the atmosphere of London at night, when the activity of London's smoking cauldron is considerably abated. But the local authorities seem determined to make our night air as foul as the day. If our days are smoky, our nights shall smell, is their wise decree. Seeing that complaints are fruitless, now is the time for action. Those persons who write to the papers to ask if Boards are permitted to do that which is forbidden to the individual can easily solve a question which, in the matter of nuisances, ought never to be asked. The burning of refuse and offal at the Kensington "brickfields" is an abominable nuisance, and any sufferer therefrom may proceed to indict the perpetrator of it. He will not lack support or witnesses. It is a strong proof, indeed, of public apathy or ignorance of the law that this obvious course of action has not been taken before. Perhaps it is so very obvious that it has not been done, and what is open to any ratepayer to do is neglected by all.

MR. LECKY'S NEW VOLUMES.

WE congratulate Mr. LECKY on the completion of the valuable series of studies to which he has given the name of *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, and of which the concluding volumes—the seventh and eighth—have been issued this week by Messrs. LONGMAN. They close, if our conjecture be right as to the origin of the work, under the same patriotic impulse in which they had their birth. We have imagined, on what we take to be internal evidence, from the character and proportion of topics in the first two volumes, that they may have had their occasion and inspiration in Mr. LECKY'S indignation at what he conceived to be the misreading of Irish character and the falsifications of Irish history embodied in Mr. FROUDE'S *English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, which preceded their publication by three years. The chapters which were devoted to this subject seemed to be the essence of the volumes of which the chapters dealing with English society were the vehicle. If it was by an accident of this kind that Mr. LECKY was led to the larger field which he has surveyed and described with admirable completeness and skill, the accident was a fortunate one. The setting has become at least as valuable as the gem which it enclosed. Mr. LECKY found possibly that he could not tell the story of Ireland in the eighteenth century without telling that of England too. Things in relation can only be understood together. Traces of this origin, if we have rightly guessed it, are impressed on the work from its beginning to its end. The space devoted to Ireland is

greatly in excess of that given to any other subject. If our computation be correct, it occupies at least three and a half of the eight volumes in which the story of England in the eighteenth century is told. The two volumes which have just been published are devoted to it exclusively. We are far from complaining of this. A book is the more interesting, not only to contemporaries, but to subsequent generations of readers—audience of whom we do not doubt Mr. LECKY will have—for bearing traces of the movements of thought and feeling in which it was generated. Beginning, on our supposition, in one of those literary controversies which it is Mr. FROUDE'S peculiar fortune to provoke, it closes in the crisis of that great political conflict in which the future both of England and Ireland are made the stake of a gambler's adventure. For the moment Mr. LECKY'S volumes are likely to be regarded as if they were not the history of England, but only the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century, and even as a contribution to the electioneering and party strife of the hour. To take this view of them would be to do a great injustice even to those chapters which deal with Ireland. More than half of the eight volumes, as we have said, is occupied with other topics. Mr. LECKY'S history is, indeed, several histories in one. The growth, development, and revolt of the American colonies, the history of Scotland before and since the Union, the sources and course of the French Revolution, the conflicts of the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratic elements in the English Constitution, the religious and philosophical movements of the eighteenth century, its manners, literature, and art, are all treated with an amplitude of knowledge, a penetration into general causes, and a discernment of the influence of individual characters, which make Mr. LECKY'S volumes the best presentation that we know, not only of the phenomena, but of the *noumena*, of English life in the eighteenth century. It is, if we may say so, a translation of the material facts of history into the intelligible world. Mr. LECKY is what is called a philosophic historian. He does not plead the cause of party with MACAULAY, or picturesquely "stage" history with CARLYLE, or make it a propaganda of empire with Mr. SEELEY, or deal in large abstractions with GUIZOT, or in sagacious constitutionalism with HALLAM, or in brilliant storytelling with Mr. FROUDE, or in pleasantly ambling narrative like Lord STANHOPE'S. His is a sort of *media scientia*, intermediate between bare abstractions and minute detail, grouping and arranging events and tendencies, and tracing them from their causes to their effects. His style reflects the character of his mind, lucid and flexible, alive in every sentence and turn of a phrase with thought, and nicely and easily adjusted to it, neither cramped and choked with too much meaning, nor flaccid with too little. So much it may be necessary to say in order to recall to the reader the varied topics of *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, which might be ignored in consideration of the one theme which occupies exclusively its concluding volumes.

In the preface to this final instalment of his work, Mr. LECKY expresses a misgiving that the scale on which he has told the history of the eight years which ended with the Act of Union has marred the due proportion of his work. He at first had thought that one volume of moderate size would contain all that it was necessary to say; but he found that, if a story so complicated by contradictory evidence, by shiftings of popular sentiment and changes of policy on the part of statesmen, so stained by guilt and grotesque folly, were to be intelligibly and fairly told, the historian must give not only his judgment, but the materials on which his judgment was based. Nearly every assertion is controverted. There is no unanimity in the judgment of character. Mr. LECKY gives his readers the opportunity of judging for themselves, aiding them, indeed, by his own interpreting intelligence, and still more by the example of a temper at once judicial in its equity and of a kindly humanity. An air of serene truthfulness breathes through his volumes. He is constitutionally unable to understand the temper of mind which, to use his own expression, deals with historical facts as a child deals with his box of letters, which "picks out and arranges those letters, and those only," "which will spell the words on which he has previously determined, leaving all others untouched." So is party history written. So Mr. LECKY has made it his aim not to write. He thinks of a future generation which may be able to judge better than that which he now addresses, to what extent he has succeeded in his aim. No doubt

partisans will pick out of his pages missiles which they can hurl at each other. These volumes are a perfect arsenal of offensive and defensive weapons. But, though Mr. LECKY's example may not be at once imitated, it will not be without its silent and gradual effect upon the tempers of men. His impartiality of rebuke and praise will be turned to account by unscrupulous partisans; but it will make them a little less unscrupulous. Mr. LECKY goes great lengths with those who denounce the methods by which the Act of Union was passed, and shows that the time of doing the thing, as well as the manner of doing, was ill chosen. Speaking as a matter of first impression, which further consideration of the facts and arguments of Mr. LECKY may qualify or reverse, we are inclined to think that his judgment on the conduct of PITT errs on the side of harshness. Mr. LECKY, however, insists—and, by his ample concession of all that can be conceded to the assailants of the English Minister, may bring the more rational of them to perceive—that the question of conduct then and the question of policy now are entirely distinct. It may have been wrong, in the time and manner in which it was done, to abolish the Parliament of GRATTAN, FOSTER, and PLUNKET. It does not follow that it would be right to establish a Parliament of DILLONS, O'BRIENS, and DAVITTS. "To place the conduct of affairs in the hands of loyal, trustworthy, and competent men is," Mr. LECKY remarks, "not the sole, but the most important, end of politics." We are told that we ought to trust the leaders of the Irish people. But in Ireland political leadership has largely passed into hands to which no sane and honourable statesman would entrust the task of "maintaining law, or securing property, or enforcing contracts, or protecting loyal men, or supporting in times of difficulty and danger the interests of the Empire." English political leadership has not escaped demoralization. The factious competition for the Irish vote "has produced coalitions and alliances to which the worst period of English party politics in the eighteenth century can afford no adequate parallel; apostasies and transformations so flagrant, so rapid, and so shameless that they have sunk the level of public morals and the character and honour of public men to a point which has scarcely been reached in England since the evil days of the Restoration or the Revolution." This is the true note to sound; and we are glad that Mr. LECKY has the courage to say boldly what many think, though from considerations of old political connexion and personal friendships, they cannot bring themselves to say it. Yet if Englishmen, confused by considerations of expediency and policy which they cannot very nicely weigh, are to be stayed in the downward course on which they are rushing, it must be by appeals to their sense of personal and public honour, duty, and decency. On the Home Rule question the previous question of loyalty and honesty should be moved. Mr. LECKY has shown, we think conclusively, that at the time of the Union the great body of the Irish Catholics, and especially the clergy, either favoured or were indifferent to the Union; and that now, except as a means to possession of the land, and as a pure political change, the Irish tenants care little for it. It is an affair of the conspirators and politicians on this side of the Irish Channel and on that. But on these points, and some others, we propose to speak in a more detailed notice of Mr. LECKY's volumes.

FATAL FIRES.

AMONG the many fires in London recorded this week, the fatal disasters on Monday at Smithfield and Whitechapel, both occurring in workshops, were outbreaks of extraordinary suddenness and intensity. They exemplify once again how little can be effected by the best Fire Brigade system when highly inflammable or explosive materials are at hand. At the Smithfield fire the men with engines and escapes were admirably prompt, turning out from half a dozen different stations at the same minute, yet, so rapid was the spread of flame from the ignited vapour of naphtha employed in the workshop, they were too late to save life. It is doubtful, indeed, if their presence on the spot with their saving appliances at the moment of alarm could have entirely prevented the loss of life that followed. Naturally a panic seized the workpeople, who rushed to the windows, and dropped to the street by improvised ropes of calico, or jumped direct without such aid, as the two

poor women, who have since died, leaped from the burning house in Colchester Street. In both cases there is really no question of exits, so instantaneous was the catastrophe. The terrible fire reported from America, at the Leland Hotel, Syracuse, shows that the means of escape may exist, and yet be ignored by the panic-stricken people. The iron ladders affixed to the outside of the building from the windows, as is common to most American hotels, were, it appears, forgotten by many occupants of the Leland Hotel, and these excellent escapes were chiefly used by the firemen in rescuing the people.

The frequency of fires caused by inflammable oils has inevitably led to much discussion of the working of the various Acts passed to regulate the storage and sale of petroleum. There have been great and alarming outbursts, like the Farringdon Road fire last month, and numerous smaller yet fatal cases, of which Captain SHAW's last Annual Report is extremely instructive. The fire at the hat factory in Smithfield demands an exhaustive inquiry. The public should be re-assured that all that can be done for the protection of the lives of working people is provided by recent legislative enactments. Yet, with the fullest acknowledgment of the virtue that lies in the licensing system, the regulations as to the storage and sale of dangerous oils, it is clear that much good must result from the more stringent supervision of workshops and factories where such inflammable commodities are in daily use. Proprietors and foremen—not to speak of the workpeople concerned—can do more, by constant care and watchfulness, for their own protection, than any code of Government regulations. The latter are excellent and necessary, no doubt, yet they must needs break down unless supported by some rigid preventive rules adapted to each workshop by the masters and loyally observed by the men.

While it is not easy, we admit, to prevent the recurrence of such disasters as that at Smithfield, there are other fires, terribly frequent and fatal, that are absolutely preventable, and at a very small outlay on the part of lamp-manufacturers. The lives of three children were lost the other day through the thoughtless attempt to extinguish a lamp by blowing down the glass chimney. The lamp exploded, as lamps commonly do when thus treated, and of such cases some seventy are recorded in London alone in one year. In the country they are quite as numerous, and the percentage of fatalities is as high and is increasing. Now this loss of life may be stopped by the addition to all cheap lamps for table use of the simple mechanical extinguisher fixed to the better class of lamps, by which the flame is quenched as readily as the electric light is by the switch. The small additional cost involved in this improvement would be cheerfully borne by purchasers, and one of the most fruitful sources of fatal fires would be promptly stopped. There is no power of control over careless people and others who upset lamps, and thus destroy their own houses or furniture and endanger their own and others' lives. This class of fire, which comprised one hundred and fifty instances in London during the year, must be left to the fireman. The preventable class of disasters should speedily be abolished by the combined action of public opinion and the lamp-makers.

PROFESSOR SELLAR.

THE death of Mr. Sellar, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, is in more ways than one a serious loss to Scottish learning and to Scottish society. Educated at the Edinburgh Academy, of which when only fourteen he was "dux," or captain, and at Glasgow University, Mr. Sellar was thoroughly Northern in his early training. At Glasgow he won the Snell exhibition, that common path of Scotchmen to Oxford, and also gained a Balliol scholarship. A Fellowship at Oriel, while Oriel Fellowships were still the most distinguished prizes for senior men, followed. Mr. Sellar, at Balliol and at Oriel, became the friend of many distinguished men; of Mr. Matthew Arnold, of the late Principal Shairp, of Sir Alexander Grant, to speak only of those no longer with us, and, among others, of the Master of Balliol, who was his tutor. After writing two excellent critical studies on Lucretius and Thucydides, in the *Oxford Essays*, he became Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. That place of learning was less populous with students than it is now; but it was happy in a learned and friendly society, of which Professor Ferrier, Principal Tulloch, Professor Veitch, Principal Forbes, and Professor Shairp were members. There was no more agreeable and humorous community, and the students were fortunate indeed who listened to the lectures and enjoyed the undisturbed attention of such teachers. Leaving St. Andrews, Mr. Sellar undertook the much

more serious task of teaching "the Humanities" to far larger classes at Edinburgh. In his second as in his earlier chair he displayed the same very unusual power of exciting keen interest in ancient literature, of awakening thought, and stimulating industry, without the very faintest condescension to claptrap and popular appeal. He was not at any time a critical scholar of the severer type; he had the scholar's accuracy, and his distaste for eloquent negligence; but there was nothing in him of the pedant or the literary martinet. As a rule, men who regarded the classics as living literature used then to be somewhat careless of minute accuracy and elegance. This was not Mr. Sellar's fault. He combined the discipline of accuracy with the true sentiment of literature. He did not make Horace or Ovid, Virgil or Catullus, seem dry and crabbed; still less, if possible, did he perorate vaguely about their literary merits. His volume on the *Roman Poets of the Republic*, like his *Virgil*, and we are inclined to think in a still higher degree, contains the essence of his academic teaching. Before his brief and fatal illness began he had been working hard at, and we believe had nearly completed, his book on Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius. In repeated journeys to Italy he had studied the scenes in which they wrote, and the places of their birth. It is much to be hoped that this book, delayed by the failing health of Mr. Sellar's later years, may be found a complete and worthy successor of his earlier volumes. His criticism was lucid, temperate, schooled by sincere research, inspired by the most genuine love of the best poetry and of nature.

An admirable teacher (as the successes of his pupils from first to last declare), an accomplished and earnest critic, Mr. Sellar was, if possible, even more to be esteemed as a man and a friend. In him there was nothing either of the pedant or of the pedant's affectation of being a worldling. He was sincere, generous, loyal, upright, honourable, and humorous. No man was less disposed to wear his heart on his sleeve, none had a heart more kindly, none was capable of more tenacious, tender, and lasting affection. His country home was a centre of enjoyment to all his neighbours of every class; no house, even in Scotland, was ever more widely hospitable. In all his life was an exemplary blending of what is kindest in the Northern character with what is most refined in Southern learning. Whoever knew him alone among men of letters might have believed that men of letters were free from vanity and ignorant of jealousy. There may be some who regret that the duties of his chair led him to concern himself rather with the Latin than with the older, nobler, and more original literature of Greece. Greek had, no doubt, his first love. But, unlike many Scottish professors, he preferred to work in the leisure of his vacations at the appointed subject of his chair, not at something else perhaps more congenial. The life of a scholar is not rich in incident, and this is not the time or place in which to write at length about Mr. Sellar's career. Many a name is more familiar to the world than his; but no man can be more sincerely, and deeply, and permanently mourned by those whom he chose for his friends, by all who knew him as he was, an inspiring teacher, an excellent scholar, a distinguished critic, and, in the highest sense which the words can bear, a kindly and stainless gentleman.

VAUCLUSE.

NOT every one who halts at Avignon makes his pilgrimage to Vaucluse in these days. The time has quite gone by when a sportsman like the Chevalier de Seingalt could "mingle his tears with the consecrated water," and invite the echoes to answer "Laure," when he called "Petrarch." The most sentimental of modern visitors would behave like that young woman whom he holds up to scorn, and regard such an enthusiast with "anxious gravity," while seeking a chance to escape. When somebody mentioned Napoleon at that famous gathering of wits recorded in the *Peau de Chagrin*, a cry arose "C'était un grand homme!—n'en parlons plus!" That is our attitude towards Petrarch, mostly. But those who condemn the antique usage, and quit Avignon without seeing Vaucluse, miss a short excursion agreeable to every taste, and interesting to the thoughtful. Leaving the city by the Porte du Rhône, we follow a shaded boulevard between the ramparts and the river as far as the Porte St. Lazare. That first stage of the drive tempts one to linger. M. Viollet-le-Duc had not reached this portion of the circuit when the fall of the Empire put a stop to his excellent restorations. The matchless wall is perfect, but several of the towers have lost their beautiful *consoles*, and the overhanging machicolis will not stand unsupported evidently. Englishmen should keep a guilty silence when it is question of preserving historic monuments; but, all the same, it is discreditable to the Republic that the good works of the Empire should be dropped. Old buildings reared against the walls were pulled down elsewhere, but here they remain, and new ones are rising also—of such solid construction that the encroachers must surely be licensed. We pass the ruined bridge of St. Bénézet, and those who examine it will not feel inclined to dispute that such a structure was raised by miracle—in 1177—to stand six hundred years. There are miracles in which the supernatural has no share. Across the broad Rhône stands Villeneuve, a wondrous petrefaction, with streets of roofless palaces, great halls full of shrubs or growing vegetables, and cloisters where ingenuous youths assemble to practise stone-throwing, with

figures and inscriptions for the target. The fortifications of Villeneuve, the French outpost, were stronger than those of Avignon, if less picturesque; but nothing remains besides shapeless heaps of masonry, the grand donjon built by Philippe le Bel, to command the Pope's bridge, and the stately portal of the Abbey between colossal round towers.

It is a pleasant road towards Vaucluse, shaded for the most part by an avenue of planes, and here and there by a dense array of cypress, very strange to unaccustomed eyes. So closely are they planted that no ray of light nor breath of wind can slip through the tangled foliage. Dwellers in these parts must always reckon with the mistral. A landowner, who has the means, encircles his property with such a rampart, and again runs "traverses" of cypress across the fields. Stone walls are not impenetrable to the mistral, if there be a window or a door, at least; but these leafy barriers, of astonishing height, prevent the crops being absolutely blown away. One disadvantage of the system would be found grave in other countries. There are many hundred yards in this highway where twilight begins long before sunset at midsummer, owing to the cypresses on one side and the planes on the other. It must be black as a coal-mine there after the sun goes down—the darkness that can be felt. But no one seems to fear thieves or tramps in this happy realm of Provence. At the village of Le Thor, which crowns the upland, Vaucluse is pointed out, a mere shadow on the face of lofty, naked hills that bar the horizon. Our spirits rise at that sight—it must be an extraordinary spot indeed! Some miles further the avenue of planes is doubled—two rows on either hand. Pretty villas and gardens ablaze with colour come in sight, a plain but agreeable group of buildings carries the inscription "Ecole Communale." Dazzling white it is, just finished and not yet occupied; but the approach and the grounds about are already gay with flowers. They think here, apparently, that school should be made attractive first of all. And then, suddenly, we find ourselves skirting the town of L'Isle. Would that English manufacturers would take that drive—such of them as could grasp the significance of what they saw. Our people are so used to the ugliness and dreariness of their industrial towns that they have learned to associate those conditions with prosperous trade. By nature's law, they think, a thriving factory must be gaunt and bare, its surroundings more or less grimy. They would perceive their error at L'Isle. It is a rich and a very busy little place, occupied especially with silk-weaving; but none of those establishments are seen on the river front. We note, however, in the space of three hundred yards or so, a flour-mill, a manufactory of sulphates, of *constructions mécaniques*—whatever they may be—*couvertures de laine*, a dye-works, and two of plaster. One of them on English soil would stamp out beauty in its neighbourhood; but here they succeed each other, and leave not one disagreeable trace upon the memory. Those who have driven through L'Isle along the Sorgue—for we speak not of parts unvisited—recollect the scene as one of the prettiest and quaintest in their experience. Four rows of plane-trees, not to be excelled for girth of trunk or luxuriance of foliage, keep the road cool at noonday, shadow the ground-floor of the factories on the right hand, and conceal the upper part. Upon the left, between old but solid embankments, a delightful stream races by—one of the swiftest in Europe—the famous Sorgue. It is, in fact, a "rapid" at this point, clear as crystal, shallow, green with streaming water-weeds, but broad enough for boats. Women are washing clothes all along, upon a step built for their use in the embankment. On the other bank, beyond an avenue, rise the quarters evidently of working people, tall, old, stained, but solid-looking, and gay with flowers in every window. Not a detail of the picture but is pleasant to behold. One understands how children brought up in scenes like this gain an advantage over our workers in the sense of taste and originality of design. Probably enough the drains are queer, and the conditions of life in general such as would shock our sanitary enthusiasts. But if it be so, the strong health of the people makes a mock of science. The Provençal is a stalwart race, but men as robust as any, and children as wholesome-looking, are seen among the factory-hands of L'Isle.

A little further, at a turn of the road, Vaucluse comes into sight. Certainly it fulfils the utmost expectation of those who looked for a surprise. Even so near as this one can hardly think that a valley with human habitations lies behind that mere split in the bare wall of stone. It must have been a "secret place," indeed, when Petrarch sought refuge there, for the heights were clothed with wood within the memory of living men. To the destruction of these the extreme nakedness of the hills is due. Covered with snow in winter, swept by the mistral in spring, and baked in summer, the rocks are washed clean. They have no more trace of verdure on their crests than hills of the Egyptian desert. A long way down, the clefts are outlived by a hardy growth of shrubs. Grey, shimmering plantations of olive succeed. But when green appears at last, on the lower slopes, it is strangely and beautifully bright. The whole landscape, indeed, has a peculiar fascination, which grows upon the eye. When the last rise is surmounted, one looks down upon the outer valley, with the Sorgue galloping through it, a river impassable, though its course is not yet a mile long. They say that the strongest swimmer could not reach the other bank before he had been carried all the way to L'Isle! If this be exaggerated, one of our champions would find a novel and a lively exercise in demonstrating the fact. So deeply, wonderfully green is the narrow valley that painters regard it with despair. They dare not

put such colour on a strip of canvas. In the midst stands an island, on that a big factory, which would shock the sentimental traveller sadly, could he recognize it; but a dense grove of poplars leaves nothing visible except the tall chimney—which does not smoke, to-day at least. Further on, at the mouth of the valley proper, the ruins of "Petrarch's Château" come in view, crowning a lofty hill upon the right; it was the residence of his friend and patron, Philippe de Cabassol. Here the poet and the bishop held their long talks far into the night, until the servants turned out with torches to seek them in the oak-woods. There is not so much as a bramble about the ruins now, apparently. A few yards beyond lies a cluster of "hotels" and cafés and factories—the village of Vaucluse.

It is not really disappointing—at least, not much. If they could only suppress those tall chimneys, which do not smoke to-day, the rest would not be obtrusive, putting sentiment aside. And the standing wonder of the Sorgue claims all attention. You can scarcely find time to laugh at the famous monument raised in Petrarch's honour by the Athénée Society of the department in 1804; it was designed after the model of Trajan's Column at Rome, but somehow it "came out," in the likeness of that object which diverts the passer-by at Ludgate Circus. You hasten to the river. At this point it has been in existence, as one may say, a very few moments; it has flowed three hundred yards, or less; and the bridge that crosses it is a hundred feet long, with no room to spare at Midsommer! Is there a phenomenon like this in the world? An exquisitely pretty stream it is, bounding and tumbling in mad haste over a bed green as a meadow. Pliny noted this peculiarity in his account of the "noble fountain in Gallia Narbonensis"; adding that cattle were so fond of the weed they browsed upon it with their heads under water. That breed of cattle appears to be extinct. Leaving the bridge, you run the gauntlet of old women and deformed natives who make a blameless livelihood by selling photographs, immortelles, bouquets of dried flowers, pamphlets on Petrarch, and lays on Laura. The naked hills close in, descending to the very margin of the river. The few yards of ground comparatively flat are occupied by a café, which announces on a big placard that here, and not elsewhere, stood Petrarch's house. It may be so; these people have long memories. Here—perhaps—was the spot which Petrarch likened to the *cella* where Cicero used to practise oratory. "So much at least is certain—that my little house lends itself to study." It lends itself nowadays—the site at least—to drinking beer under a striped awning. And half a dozen French tourists are taking advantage of the opportunity. This was not the "transalpine Parnassus sacred to Apollo." Another café stands upon that memorable spot—always subject to "perhaps." It was backed, Petrarch wrote, "by rocks and thickets inaccessible, where birds alone can make their way." The enterprise of the nineteenth century has made a mock of the birds, and planted a paper-mill in their inaccessible retreat. In fact, one really cannot fix one's mind upon poetic legend and sentiment when factory succeeds café in a procession uninterrupted, and aged or decrepid persons offer you a bunch of dyed weeds at every step. It is well to make the best of things. These industrial establishments might be a great deal uglier, and a great deal more conspicuous; for they stand upon the very verge and enroach upon the stream, half-hidden from above by trees and rocks clothed in verdure. But their chimneys protrude, and presently one gets vexed. This hallowed spot which kings used to visit has become what they call a "rising place." Sympathetic tourists are welcome, but bagmen preferred. The marvel of a river which will carry a boat ten yards from its source and a steam-launch within a hundred has been fatal to its romance. It may represent what you please to enthusiasts; but the *enfant du siècle* recognizes "water-power" running to waste.

Happily the marvel remains unimpaired, and very much of the beauty too. Dismissing, as best one may, those cafés and chimneys, one climbs a rocky path towards the *fontaine*. There yawns a cave, the Trou de Couloubé, where dwelt a dragon in times past, that behaved after the manner of dragons. It would still be imprudent to hint a doubt—did not St. Véran destroy the monster? Was he not canonized for that public service? They have some awful legends in these parts. Behind the cliff ahead stand the ruins of Beaume de l'Hôte, beside the fathomless pit of Aven, which swallowed the bodies of the victims whom the châtelain enticed to his abode. Historic stories also are terrible enough. The Malendrins, a peculiarly ferocious banditti, took refuge here when hard pressed; they looted Petrarch's house in his absence and burnt it to the ground. So—it is less than ten minutes' walk—astonishing how close nine factories and cafés unnumbered can pack!—we reach the famous grotto from which springs the Sorgue, a river at birth. In this summer season it is a round pool beneath the cliff, barred in front by a slab of rock; but when the water rises to its fullest, in autumn and spring, it swells to the roof of the cavern, and pours over the slab in a cataract. At such times the fig-tree is submerged—that most renowned of all living fig-trees, which clings to the bare stone above the grotto, and thrives from generation to generation without soil or water visible, excepting such floods. M. Reboul estimates the outflow at 50,000 litres the second—say, 13,000 gallons. The pool is some thirty feet deep on the near side, but beyond, its bottom fails altogether. M. Reboul could not sound this inner gulf within a line of a hundred mètres. There is strong reason to think that the under-

ground lake communicates with Mont Ventoux, near forty miles away. A great chasm opened in that range in 1783, and the crystal waters of the Sorgue ran muddy for a long while after. Persons who care nothing for Petrarch or even for his Laura may take interest in a wonder like this.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—RHINOCEROSES.

RHINOCEROSES are now so common in menageries and so many have been seen at the Zoo that it is difficult to realize that until the early years of this century only about half a dozen of these animals had been seen in Europe since the time of the Roman Empire. Yet so it was, and consequently the accounts of the earlier authors teem with the most marvellous stories, not only of the appearance, but also of the manners, of these creatures. But, if their stories were marvellous, their pictures were even more wonderful, most of them representing an impossible creature clothed in what was apparently intended for a highly ornamented suit of armour. The first of these wonderful drawings is said to have been made in Lisbon in the year 1513 from a rhinoceros sent from India to Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and was engraved at Nürnberg by Albert Dürer; and here we may add that the King, after trying all sorts of experiments to prove the ferocity of this rhinoceros, sent the unfortunate animal by sea as a present to the Pope; but "in an access of fury it sunk the vessel on its passage." The following are examples of the stories to which we refer. One voracious author informs us that "a full-grown rhinoceros measures fourteen feet from the ground to the highest part of the back, and the legs are so remarkably short that, with all this height, the belly comes near the ground." It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that an animal of this immense size should be able to "toss up a large bull," as we are told the "old ones" were in the habit of doing whenever opportunity offered. From another source we gather that the rhinoceros—the African black rhinoceros, apparently, in this case—was most distinctly an animal to be avoided, as "when he attacks a man he lays hold of the middle of his body, and throws him over his head with such force that he is almost always killed with the fall. This done, he comes and licks him, and his tongue is so rough and hard that it brings off the flesh from the bones. He likewise serves other animals in the same manner after he has killed them." This being so, it is reassuring to learn that "he very rarely attacks mankind, unless he is provoked or meets with a person with a red garment," and that "when he is seen running along, it is pretty easy to avoid him, because he cannot turn about very readily, so that when he is about eight or ten feet distant, a man needs only go one side, and then he will be out of his sight." The rhinoceros, however, though so fierce and untameable, had apparently one soft spot in its heart, which often led to its destruction, for "it is said by Albertus, Isidorus, and Alumnus, that above all creatures they love virgins, and that unto them they will come, be they never so wilde, and fall asleep before them, so being asleep they are easily taken and carried away." Finally, the horn of the rhinoceros was supposed to possess wonderful medicinal properties and to be an antidote to poison—a belief which held its ground until quite the end of last century, for Dr. Brookes, writing in 1763, says "It has been usually said that the horn of a rhinoceros will fall in pieces when poison is poured therein. At the Cape they have cups made of the horn, which are mounted in gold and silver. When wine is poured therein it will rise, ferment, and seem to boil; but when mixed with poison, it cleaves in two, which experiment has been seen by thousands of people."

Rhinoceroses, of which five or six species are known, are found only in the African and Indian regions; and though they vary much in appearance, they all of them have large unwieldy bodies, supported on short legs, with three toes on each foot, skins which are thick and unyielding—so much so, in the Asiatic species, as to "necessitate the formation of deep folds to enable them to move their limbs with any facility"—and either one or two horns, which differ from those of other mammals not only in their position (placed as they are on the animal's nose), but also in their structure, as they are "composed of modified and agglutinated hairs." At the present time there are five individuals at the Zoo, representing three species, one African and two Asiatic, namely, one common African black rhinoceros (*R. bicornis*), two hairy-eared rhinoceroses (*R. lasiotis*), and two Indian rhinoceroses (*R. unicornis*). Three of these are old inhabitants of the Gardens, one of the Indian rhinoceroses having been presented to the Society so long ago as July 25, 1864, while the female hairy-eared rhinoceros was purchased in 1872. This animal, "Begum" by name, is said to have been captured in rather a curious way, having had the misfortune to walk into a quicksand, from which it found it impossible to extricate itself. And, lastly, the African black rhinoceros has lived in Regent's Park since 1868. This animal is specially noticeable as being, to quote the official "Guide to the Gardens," "the first specimen of this animal brought to Europe since the days of the Romans."

Though a far larger number of Asiatic than African rhinoceroses have been seen alive in Europe, the latter are, we imagine, far better known in this country—by report, at least—than are their Asiatic congeners, the result of their being found very

plentifully in what was, without exception, the finest game country in the world, and thus, naturally, being fully described in every book relating to travel or sport in South Africa. Much has been written about the number of species of rhinoceroses found in Africa, some authors contending for as many as five species; but the best authorities are satisfied with two, the black rhinoceros—so called, though in reality it is of a dark slate colour—and the white or square-mouthed rhinoceros; both of them are two-horned and smooth-skinned; but the former, among other points of difference, has a long pointed and prehensile upper lip, and feeds on leaves and branches, while the latter has a short upper lip and feeds on grass. The black rhinoceros is found all over the continent—the animal in the Zoo was captured in Upper Nubia—and is therefore in little present dread of extermination; but the range of the white rhinoceros is—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, was—limited to Southern and South Central Africa, with the unfortunate consequence that it has been practically, if not absolutely, exterminated. On this subject Mr. Selous made some interesting remarks in an article which appeared in the *Field* on August 16 last. He says:—

It was within a mile of this spot (near the river Se-who-who, in Mashunaland) that two years previously (i.e. in 1883) I shot two white rhinoceroses (*R. sinus*), the last of their kind that have been killed, and perhaps that ever will be killed, by an Englishman. They were male and female, and I preserved the skin of the head and the skull of the former for the South African Museum in Cape Town, where they now are. I shall never cease to regret that I did not preserve the entire skeleton for our own splendid Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, but when I shot the animal I made sure I should get finer specimens later on in the season. However, one thing and another prevented my visiting the one spot of country where I knew that a few were still to be found, and now these few have almost, if not quite, all been killed, and to the best of my belief the great white or square-mouthed rhinoceros, the largest of terrestrial mammals after the elephant, is on the very verge of extinction, and in the next year or two will become absolutely extinct; and if in the near future some student of natural history should wish to know what this extinct beast really was like, he will find nothing in all the museums of Europe and America to enlighten him upon the subject but some half-dozen skulls and a goodly number of the anterior horns. In 1886 two Boer hunters got into the little tract of country where a few white rhinoceroses were still left, and between them killed ten during the season; five more were killed during the same time by some native hunters from the Matabele country. A few were still left, as in the following year, 1887, myself and some English sportsmen saw the tracks of two or three in the same district, but could not find the animals themselves. Some of these last remnants of their race may still survive; but it is not too much to say that long before the close of this century the white rhinoceros will have vanished from the face of the earth. . . . The subject of the extinction of this huge quadruped has a melancholy interest for me, who remember that less than twenty years ago it was a common animal over an enormous extent of country in central South Africa.

The extermination of the white rhinoceros is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, as it is one of the inevitable results of the extension of the settlements in South Africa; but that no museum in Europe or America should possess a specimen—if we except the young mounted specimen, about the size of a large pig, in the British Museum—is curious, and very much to be regretted, and we are pleased to see that Dr. Sclater has called attention to the fact in the columns of *Nature*, "in the hope that the attention of the several exploring parties now traversing Mashunaland and Matabeleland may be called to this subject, and that in case of a straggling survivor of the white rhinoceros being met with, it may be carefully preserved for the National Collection at South Kensington." He draws attention to the following differences in the forms of the heads of the two species. First, the different formation of the lips already mentioned; secondly, the size and shape of the ears; "in *R. bicornis* the ear-conch is much rounded at the extremity, and edged by a fringe of short black hairs which spring from the margin. In *R. sinus* the ear-conch is much elongated and sharply pointed at its upper extremity, where the hairs which clothe its margin constitute a slight tuft. While the upper portion of the ear-conch is much more expanded in *R. sinus* (than in *R. bicornis*), in the lower portion the two margins are united together for a much greater extent, and form a closed cylinder, which rises about three inches above the base." Thirdly, the shape of the nostrils, "which in *R. sinus* are elongated in a direction parallel to the mouth, while in *R. bicornis* they are more nearly of a circular shape"; while, lastly, the eye in *R. sinus* appears to be placed further back in the head than in *R. bicornis*. Another point of difference, mentioned by Mr. Selous, is that the square-mouthed rhinoceros walks and runs with its nose close to the ground; while the black rhinoceros carries its head high in the air. In conclusion, we can only say with Dr. Sclater that "the country in which alone (as it is possible, but by no means certain) the last stragglers exist being now within the British Empire, it is clearly our duty to endeavour to obtain and preserve examples of the great white or square-mouthed rhinoceros for the use and information of posterity."

MONEY MATTERS.

THE crisis in South Africa, and the bank failures which are the outcome of it, are less serious, no doubt, than the crisis in the River Plate countries; but they contribute largely, nevertheless, to the very apprehensive feeling which has prevailed in the City for some weeks past; and the gross mismanagement

which has been brought to light by the failures intensifies their effect. The Union Bank of Cape Town, though it had but a small paid-up capital and a very small reserve, was established more than forty years ago, and did a large and, as was generally supposed, a very flourishing business, the smallness of the paid-up capital being made up for by the fact that the liability of the shareholders was unlimited. The breakdown reminds us of the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank. The whole of the capital and reserve were swept away, and in addition 411,000*l.* was lost. That is to say, the liabilities exceeded the assets, without counting the capital or reserve fund at all, by over 411,000*l.*, and practically the loss is due to the unwarranted credits given to a Mr. Lippert. In April of last year his liabilities to the Bank, so far as were known to the Directors, were over 142,000*l.* But the cashier gave him further credits amounting to over 152,000*l.*, raising his total liabilities to somewhat over 295,000*l.* Somewhat later the Directors made him further advances amounting to 110,000*l.*, and in March of the present year they made still further advances, bringing up the total amount of credit given to Mr. Lippert to the enormous sum of 478,913*l.* The interest which accumulated on this vast sum somewhat exceeded 75,542*l.*, so that when the Bank closed its doors Mr. Lippert's total indebtedness to it amounted to 554,455*l.*

The failure of this institution caused a run upon the Cape of Good Hope Bank, partly because it was said that the largest shareholders of the one were also the largest in the other, and partly because it was believed that the Cape of Good Hope Bank had lost heavily on account of advances made to speculators in land and gold ventures. The run continued for about a month, when at last the Cape of Good Hope Bank had also to close its doors. At a meeting of the shareholders called by the chairman, he acknowledged that half the capital had been lost. He added that the De Beers Diamond Company had offered assistance, and that the majority of the Board were in favour of accepting it; but that he himself felt prohibited from doing so, as a clause in the Trust Deed required the shareholders to be called together whenever half the capital disappeared. In conclusion, the Chairman stated that, according to the best estimate which could be framed so soon, the total bad debts amounted to 264,000*l.* But he expressed a hope that in the end twenty shillings in the pound would be paid. The Official Liquidator now estimates the minimum loss at 464,000*l.*, and recommends a call of 30*l.* per share. The Bank is over half a century old, it had a paid-up capital amounting to 175,000*l.*, and it had a reserve fund of 40,000*l.*, making together 215,000*l.* The nominal value of the shares is 40*l.*, of which 10*l.* have been paid-up, and there remains a liability of 30*l.* on each share, which, if all paid up, will produce the sum of 625,000*l.* No one ventures to hope, however, that if a 30*l.* call is made it will all be paid up—firstly, because, as already stated, many of the shareholders are already shareholders in the unlimited Union Bank, and, secondly, because many others have suffered from the collapse of speculation in land and mining property, and from the depression which has ensued upon these failures. As a matter of course the suspension of the Cape of Good Hope Bank caused a run upon several other institutions. It is said that the Natal Bank was saved only by the intervention of the Government, and for a while fears were entertained that other banks would be swept away. It is hoped now, however, that no further failures will take place. In the meantime the shareholders are threatened with ruin. Those of the Union Bank are in the same situation as the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank were; that is to say, they are liable to the last penny they have in the world, and the great majority of them no doubt will be reduced to absolute poverty. The shareholders in the Cape of Good Hope Bank are liable only to the extent of 30*l.* per share; but even that, it is to be feared, will, if not actually ruin, at all events greatly impoverish, the majority of them.

The evil consequences of the failures are not confined to the shareholders. In the case of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, the Standard Bank of South Africa offered 10*s.* in the 1*l.* to the depositors, and it was believed that the Government would also aid, if aid were absolutely required. That may to a very large extent relieve the depositors, but to some extent they must suffer, and the other customers of the two banks will suffer still more. The wealthy amongst them will find no difficulty in getting accommodation from other banks. But there are many customers no doubt who, without being wealthy, are yet desirable clients of a bank, and who will not so easily be able to open accounts with institutions they do not know. For a while, therefore, they will be unable to obtain the accommodation they require, and they may thereby be placed in extremely embarrassing circumstances. But the worst effect of all is the shock that two such failures have given to credit throughout South Africa; the suspicions they have spread that other banks are perhaps not much better managed than those that have been brought down; and the fears that will continue for a considerable time that the difficulties of all kinds which must follow such failures and such a shock to credit may have other consequences at any moment. Enterprise throughout South Africa, therefore, has been checked by these failures. Property has gradually depreciated, and depression has been increased. In London, too, the shock has been felt—firstly, because it has reduced still further the value of all South African securities; and, secondly, because it has induced the fear that institutions and houses trading with or interested in South Africa

may suffer, if not directly from the failures, yet indirectly from the after effects of these failures.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount, although in many quarters they were expected to do so. The reserve is very low. On Saturday last the Imperial Bank of Germany raised its rate to 5½ per cent. During the past two months the Imperial Bank has lost over 7 millions sterling in gold. At the same time its note circulation has increased by nearly 8 millions sterling, owing to the enormous advances made by the Bank to those interested in new issues; particularly, it has lent almost the whole amount required to those who applied for the German and Prussian Government loans brought out last week. The Bank therefore requires gold. In Austria-Hungary, too, the money market is stringent. The Austro-Hungarian Bank on Thursday of this week, following the lead of the Imperial Bank of Germany, raised its rate to 5½ per cent. Stock Exchange borrowers, it is reported, are paying from 7 to 9 per cent. for loans. Lastly, in New York the reserves of the Associated Banks have been falling rapidly of late. Apparently, however, the Directors of the Bank of England have reason to think that not much gold will be taken for Germany. They refuse to sell bar gold or foreign coins, and at the present rate of exchange it does not pay to take sovereigns. No doubt, also, they count upon the reluctance of the Imperial Bank to add to the apprehensiveness of the London money market. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received from abroad 565,000*l.* in gold; but nearly 200,000*l.* went into the internal circulation. The reserve has, therefore, in spite of a reflux of notes, increased only 600,000*l.*, and does not much exceed 11 millions. It is satisfactory, however, that the Bank has now control of the outside market. The great banks are supporting the policy of the Bank of England, and the bill-brokers and discount-houses are showing great reluctance to discount bills. During the week, therefore, the Bank has done a large discount business; and in the outside market the rate has been 5 per cent., as much as 5½ per cent. being occasionally asked.

The price of silver continues to fluctuate. It dropped on Tuesday to 49½*d.* per ounce, and on Wednesday to 49¼*d.* per ounce. The latter is 5½*d.* per ounce lower than the highest point touched at the beginning of last month. But on Thursday it recovered to 49½*d.* It is evident that the speculation in silver was much larger than was generally suspected. The speculators have been defeated by the stringency in the money markets of the world, and their difficulties help to aggravate the difficulties in the stock markets generally. The speculation was not confined to Europe and America, but extended to India, China, and other parts of the Far East, and it proceeded far too rapidly. From this cause alone a certain reaction was inevitable; but the reaction has been rendered more severe—firstly, by the stringency of the money market; secondly, by the disorganization of trade in the silver-using countries in consequence of the rise in silver; and, thirdly, by the fact that the demand for silver everywhere outside the United States has been checked, while a stimulus has been given to the production of silver. With the decline in silver there has been another sharp fall in silver securities. Four and a Half per Cent. Rupee-paper, for example, at one time on Wednesday was under 82, a fall of about 10 from the highest point reached, and all other silver securities have fallen in proportion. Mexican Railway stocks, for instance, which were run up partly because of the rise in silver, and partly because of the expected benefit from the Settlement, of the subvention, have fallen heavily during the week. And there was a further fall on Thursday, when it was found that there was no dividend for the Ordinary stock. No doubt silver securities and silver itself have been somewhat affected by the very uneasy feeling in the City, and the disturbance it has caused in the Stock Exchange. But the speculation in silver and silver securities contributed more powerfully to bring about that uneasiness than the uneasiness has led to the fall in silver and silver securities.

During the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which ended on Friday night, four failures occurred, and on the same evening the cheques of five other members were returned, and four failures have since occurred, making a total of eight since the beginning of the Settlement; and one other member has had to close his accounts. On Monday and Tuesday rumours continued to circulate that several other failures were impending, and that outside of the Stock Exchange important houses were embarrassed. These rumours, though in many cases prompted either by malice or folly, and in nearly every case grossly exaggerated, tended to increase the uneasy feeling which had prevailed for two or three weeks before. The prices of all securities in consequence continued to fall, and on Tuesday evening almost all departments of the Stock Exchange looked as if a panic were impending. On Wednesday morning the markets opened with a gloomy tone; but in the course of the day there was a decided recovery. It was said that the houses which had been talked about, and which were really in difficulties, had obtained the assistance they required. It was discovered that other rumours were unfounded; and it was hoped that the Directors of the Bank of England would not on Thursday raise their rate of discount, while the fact that no gold was taken for Germany helped also to restore confidence. The public, however, still holds aloof, and it remains to be seen whether the end of the depression has yet been reached. It is noteworthy that American

railroad securities have fallen more than any other stocks in the Stock Exchange. Even Argentines have not given way as much. From this it seems evident that the selling has been to a large extent a forced liquidation—that is to say, that capitalists who had locked up an inconvenient proportion of their capital in securities for the moment not marketable, have been selling securities which were readily saleable, and that speculators have been compelled to sell because of the fall thus brought about, their margins having run off, or the differences against them having increased too much. It is possible, too, that the McKinley Act has helped to aggravate the fall in American railroad securities. It has already led to a great rise in prices of all kinds in the United States; but dearer materials and higher wages must increase the working expenses of the railways, and as previously few of the Companies were earning very large dividends, much increase in the working expenses would seriously trench upon the dividends. It remains to be seen whether the amalgamations and combinations that have been going on will enable the Companies to avoid wars of rates, and to exact higher charges. On the other hand, there has been much less fall in international securities than might have been expected. Those securities are exceedingly high, the Berlin Bourse is weak, and the Berlin money market is stringent, yet the fall in international securities has been comparatively slight. The explanation is that the great operators in Paris have bought so freely that they keep up prices. The Bank of France, it is to be recollected, is enormously rich, and money, as compared with other countries, is very cheap in France.

THE PARLIAMENT OF PAMIRS.

THERE was a time, as most people know, when Languedoc was no more a part of France than was the county of Barcelona on the other side of the Pyrenees. It was not till the reign of Philip Augustus that the great steps were taken in the formation of the French kingdom in the shape that it has since held. When he succeeded the king who reigned in Paris had no seaboard under his control. The Duke of Normandy and of Aquitaine, who held the mouths of the three great rivers, was himself a king in England with more available resources than his suzerain. The Count of Flanders in the north-east and the Count of Toulouse in the south were in practice equally independent. By the end of the reign the great Angevin dominion in the north and west was half of it annexed to the French Crown, a sharp lesson of French power had been taught to the Count of Flanders, and the first great steps had been taken towards the incorporation of the county of Toulouse and the neighbouring fiefs with France. But the conquest of the mouths of the Seine and the Loire was after all merely the recovery of what had long before been ruled from Paris or Laon. The dominions of the Count of Flanders were not all of them destined to become parts of France. In the south, French rule, laws, language, religion, and French lords of the soil, too, were introduced for the first time, and permanently established.

Moreover, in the south another influence was ousted. It had seemed as if the House of Barcelona, ruling as kings in Aragon and as counts in Provence, were about to become the chief power between the Alps and the Pyrenees. They were the natural heads of the Languedocian nation. Dialects of the same Romance language were talked in their dominions, both in Spain and in the Imperial Burgundy, in the fiefs which they held nominally under the French Crown—Albi, Nîmes, and Carcassonne, and throughout all Aquitaine. The same poetry flourished throughout all these countries. The same heresies, Albigensian, Waldensian, Manichee, or Paulician, or what not, according to the temper of the historian, existed in these limits. The same toleration allowed intercourse with Jews, Moors, and Greeks, and even gave a special form of oath to be used by Jews on admission to office in one town at least, Montpellier, if not in more. The same views of morality also prevailed where the Langue d'oc was spoken, and in a not very particular age were sufficiently eccentric to scandalize even Paris. Pedro II., King of Aragon, Count of Barcelona, viscount in Nîmes, Albi, and Carcassonne, overlord of his brother in Provence, and brother-in-law to both the elder and the younger Counts of Toulouse, a troubadour, moreover, both in taste and manners, seemed to be the only natural head to this nation when once the yet greater warrior and troubadour, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, was gone, leaving no undisputed heir. It was still apparently an open question at the beginning of the thirteenth century whether Aragonese or French power would prove the more attractive. Circumstances seemed to tend in favour of an Aragonese kingdom astride of the Pyrenees, till the crusade against the heretics of the Langue d'oc gave an opportunity for the assertion of French rule, supported by the introduction of French adventurers seeking lands. This vicarious conquest of Toulouse for the French Crown by the arms of the Crusaders was something like the conquest of Ireland for the English Crown by the Norman adventurers from South Wales. Or, to take a later parallel, the settlement of the Cromwellian soldiers in Ireland may be compared to the settlement of the Crusaders. A strong religious zeal became the ally of a strong desire for possessions in both cases, and in both it was truly the religious zeal that gave the invaders the energy and cohesion necessary to effect the conquest.

The elder Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester in England and Count of Montfort l'Amauri, near Paris, was probably no bad representative of the Crusading army which he commanded. He was as relentless against the heretics as an Ironside against the Papists, as irreproachable in his manners, as keenly alive to the advantages to be won from the spoils of the enemy. His character and career undoubtedly throw some light upon those of his still more celebrated son in England. The first invasion of the Crusaders, gathered from France, Burgundy, Champagne, Normandy, Brittany, Germany, and England, overthrew resistance everywhere. The Count of Toulouse endeavoured to make terms, and the efforts of others were isolated and unsuccessful. The city of Toulouse itself was too strong to be reduced immediately; but the smaller towns and castles fell rapidly in 1210 and 1211, till at the end of 1212 Montfort felt himself able to organize the country which he had conquered. The season forbade further operations against the Count de Foix in the Pyrenees. As the anonymous chronicler of Languedoc tells us:—

Quand lo dieu Conte de Montfort vit que autre cause no podia far, va s'en tornar desa en Pamias, la ont mund-t ung gran conselh et parlamen et ayso per y metre usatges et coustumas.

The Parliament of Pamiers foreshadows to us the great Parliament of the younger Montfort after Lewes, in both its circumstances and its composition. As to the latter assembly there came only five earls and eighteen barons, but no less than one hundred and twenty ecclesiastics, with knights, citizens, and burghesses, so from Pamiers the lords of Languedoc were generally absent, but the clergy attended to the summons of the champion of the Church, and the Third Estate was also represented. As in so many cases in England in the thirteenth century we find a Committee appointed to draw up articles to be confirmed by the Parliament. It consisted of the Bishops of Toulouse and Conserans, a Templar, a Hospitaller, four French and two Languedocian knights, and two Languedocian burghesses. This, and other examples of Parliamentary organization in Languedoc and Aquitaine, antecedent to similar expedients in England, seem to suggest that the connexion between England and Aquitaine, and the personal experience of Montfort and Edward I. in the latter country, may have influenced the course of our Parliamentary Constitution, though they certainly did not originate it.

There are three great objects aimed at by the forty-six articles drawn up at Pamiers—the extirpation of heresy, the establishment of French influence in Languedoc, and the conciliation of the lower orders. To secure the first object the clergy were admitted to extraordinary privileges. Unless “mercator aut uxoratus,” exceptions that illustrate the social life of the clergy in Languedoc, they were to be free from any sort of tallage by lay lords, and the privilege was extended to the men of the clergy and of religious houses. Heretics were to be incapable of holding fiefs or filling offices. Even if reconciled to the Church, the latter disqualification was to continue, and they were forbidden to live even in the place where they once lived as heretics. Their houses were liable to seizure as sites for churches and parsonages where such were wanted. There is throughout an assumption that heresy and general laxity went hand in hand, and the tone of the legislation resembles closely that against the Papists in England and Ireland. We find a foretaste of Elizabeth's scheme for enforcing attendance in church by fines. People are to go to church on Sundays and feast-days and hear all the mass and all the sermon. Heads of households are responsible for attendance by their families, and are to pay fines, half to their lord and half to the clergy, for their absence without good cause. Churches were not to be fortified by laymen; the embattled church-tower might remain apparently as a village fortress in the control of the clergy. The social legislation is worthy of a Scotch Presbytery. There are to be no markets on Sundays. “Item, meretrices publice ponantur extra muros.” The supremacy of the French was secured by a wholesale appropriation of land by the Crusaders, Montfort himself taking the county of Toulouse. The erection or restoration of castles without his leave was forbidden; and without his leave for ten years no heiress or widow was to marry except to a Frenchman. The lords who had fought against him were summarily expelled. Towards the commons on the other hand, provided they were not heretics, the articles are humane and reasonable, and remind us strongly of the provisions made by the popular party in England on many occasions when seeking support in the same order. Poor widows are freed from taxation, the tallaging power of the lords is restrained within the limits of custom; no man is to be imprisoned or kept in hold if he can give sufficient bail for his appearance to take his trial; villein labour and sustenance are to be regulated according to custom. The rights of the commoners, *homines villarum*, in woods, waters, and pastures, are to be preserved according to the custom of the last thirty years, as confirmed by the oaths of the oldest inhabitants or otherwise. Hard and one-sided as Puritanism, the religion and morality of the Crusaders were yet such as to give them an advantage in war and politics over the tolerant and sensuous civilization of the Languedoc. This superiority they decisively vindicated within a year on the field of Muret, which established the decrees of Pamiers.

Pedro II. of Aragon, supported by the exiled Count of Toulouse, the Count de Foix, and other barons of Languedoc, crossed the Pyrenees in 1213 to repel the French invasion. A letter from the King to a lady of Toulouse, declaring that for her love he had come upon the adventure, fell into the hands of

Montfort. We seem to hear the fine triumphant scorn of the Ironside in Macaulay's Naseby ballad—

Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your white hands to your lemans to-day—

in the comment of the Count:—“We are sure of victory; for think you that God will suffer his work to be undone for the sake of a lady's love?”

James the Conqueror, the son of Pedro II., says in his Chronicle that his father and his army were overthrown as much by their bad discipline as for their sins. The two went hand in hand, no doubt. The quiet admission by the son of the reason, which must be read in the original, why his father was obliged to sit at mass on the morning of the battle, certainly goes far to explain his defeat. There were eight hundred to a thousand men-at-arms with Simon, and about twice as many of the Aragonese, but the *morale* of the former was far superior. The infantry on either side were not really engaged. After the battle of the horsemen the Crusaders fell upon and slaughtered the Tolosan citizens, who formed the bulk of the footmen against them. The real action was a cavalry *mêlée*, in which Montfort out-generalled and outflanked Don Pedro. The King “had many marching in his coat,” and two French knights, Alain de Rouci and Florent de Ville, who had sworn to kill him, rode upon one of these counterfeits and unhorsed him. Seeing the ease with which he was overthrown, they cried, “It is not the King, for he is a better knight.” “No, he is here,” answered Pedro, close at hand. Whereupon the Frenchmen surrounded and slew him. Montfort, similarly beset in the *mêlée*, had kept one opponent at bay with his sword while he unhorsed another with a blow from his fist on the chin, the kind of blow, we have it on high authority, to be given to an opponent when you “do not wish him to get up again.” The rear-guard of the Aragonese had but feebly supported the van, and on the death of the King becoming known they abandoned the field, leaving the infantry to be destroyed. Muret, though but a skirmish in comparison with Bouvines, fought the next year in Flanders, must rank with it as one of the battles that established the French kingdom. The subsequent death of Montfort before Toulouse transferred the fruits of his conquests and arrangements to the French Crown. The destruction of Aragonese influence in Languedoc sealed by Muret was much more important than the long subsequent expulsion of the English from Aquitaine. The latter was a foreign influence, at least from Henry III.'s reign onwards, and sure at last to give way; while Aragonese rule north of the Pyrenees and at the mouths of the Rhône would have been in some respects a more natural arrangement than the extension thither of French power, and needed a special effort for its destruction. Geographical, in fact, triumphed over linguistic and national affinities; for south of the Pyrenees the nominal French supremacy was done away with at the same time that it became real north of the mountains.

THE RABELAIS GALLERY.

WE should like to send an intelligent person who knew not a word of the writings of Rabelais to the interesting and clever exhibition of paintings by the late M. Jules Garnier, which is now on view in Cockspur Street, in what used to be called Waterloo House. We should like to discover what impression of the Master he would form from these one hundred and sixty illustrative designs. We fancy that he would conjecture the *Gargantua* to be a romance in which a very large man took a prominent, but not central, position; that this large man was a kind of lawgiver to a race of very rough mediæval peasantry, who became classical peasantry on occasion; that cruelty, and especially the effusion of blood, took a main place in this romance; and that, on the whole, it was of rather a tragical complexion. He would notice a considerable jollity expressed on the faces of a few monks and stout burgher personages, and a decided insistence upon plumpness in womanhood and redness in wine. But we very much doubt if the general impression would be other than violent and sinister, bringing with it an uneasy sense of the general prevalence of pain.

So much, indeed, seems to have crossed the mind of M. Hugues Le Roux, who writes the critical preface to the Catalogue. He seems to have felt the violence of these scenes, the rarity with which M. Garnier has dwelt on that frank and jubilant laughter which is traditionally connected with the name of Rabelais. M. Le Roux points out, ingeniously enough, that we quote too often the lines:—

Mieux est de ris que de larmes écrire,
Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme,

and that we entirely overlook the melancholy of the age, the public misery which made Rabelais describe himself as

Voyant le deuil qui vous mine et consomme.

There is some truth in this idea. France was, indeed, harried pretty freely in the sixteenth century. Blood was flowing faster than wine, and no true picture, even of *Gargantua* itself, can be painted which ignores the misery. At the same time, and without condemning M. Garnier for his independent point of view, a series of illustrations of Rabelais in which gaiety, the joy of life, the triumph and splendour of physical exuberance, are relegated to a place of secondary importance does not and cannot give us a final presentment of the great *épopée* of Pantagruelism.

Three previous attempts have been made to illustrate Rabelais exhaustively. That of Gustave Doré, which was published in this country but for a short time and on very poor paper, if we mistake not, is less known than it deserves to be. Its light was swallowed up in the greater glory of *Les Contes Drolatiques*, in which Doré achieved a very high success. The designs of Robida are full of vivacity and humour, and they show us, without doubt, if not exactly the text of *Gargantua*, at least "Rabelais laughing in his easy chair." The etchings of Bracquemond for the edition published by Lemerre are less known. M. Jules Garnier, who died this year at the age of forty-three, was a brilliant pupil of M. Gérôme's for twenty years, and made himself prominent in Paris by work which sometimes attracted attention rather by its extravagance than by its merit, although this is considerable enough when M. Garnier tried to do his best. His "*Borgia's amuse*" was the art-scandal of 1884, and he succeeded it by a painting still more outrageous. It is only fair to him to say that, having won a very great notoriety by such questionable means, he did not repeat the extreme audacity of these too-celebrated works.

The exhibition of his one hundred and sixty Rabelais pictures, however, will not altogether belie the previous reputation of the painter. The series occupied him less than three years to execute, and this produces an average of more than fifty oil-paintings, some of them of great size, each year. It is hardly to be expected that they should show much finish. In point of fact they are sketches, rapidly improvised and cleverly touched at the right places by an adroit artist who knows at what limit of incompleteness the public will perceive that it is being invited to look at studies. That limit M. Garnier habitually passes, but he does not go further beyond it than he is obliged to go.

There is much in the exhibition which the student of Rabelais will enjoy. He will note, for instance, that the artist has deeply read the text, and has entered into the Master's meaning as closely as he could. *Gargantua*, sitting down to table, in a blue cap, after his return from church, when "he ate, according to the season, meat agreeable to his appetite" (20), is excellently conceived, with a jollity of leer and eagerness of eye that are genuinely Rabelaisian. The long list of his games has given M. Garnier opportunity for eighteen canvases (21-38), some of which are admirable studies of odd sports. From the artistic point of view, perhaps, the best is No. 34, in which a young man in a white satin doublet, slashed with blue, and blue breeches, is playing cup and ball, well relieved against a dark background.

The artist lingers long and lovingly over the first book of *Gargantua*. His treatment of the scene of "The Bakers of Lerné" (39), with the well-massed and pale-coloured figures crowded against a sunset sky, is really very good; but the picture of how Friar John of Entoumeures, with his cross, made of the heart of a sorb-apple tree, smashed his enemies in the vineyard (41), is rather horrible. We are glad to turn to the spirited figure of Picrochole (42) in "a full war apparel." "The Council of War of Picrochole" (43), with the hero seated, as a sort of red-haired Louis XI., his blue hose crossed, at a table, listening to the Duke of Smaltrash, is very well drawn. The "stately fountain of fair alabaster, upon the top of which stood the three Graces," at Thelème (55), and the "Natory" (56), with its "admirable baths in three stages," are made the excuse for compositions of rosy bathers in graceful positions very agreeably grouped.

Occasionally M. Garnier sets his sixteenth-century traditions wholly aside, and succeeds in giving us classical or Renaissance groups which are very delicate. Among these we must praise a beautiful design of Love approaching the Muses, and being subdued by their dignified charm (105), for which M. Garnier has dipped into a certain discourse made to Panurge by Rondibilis. In this case M. Garnier has certainly found a pearl in his oyster. Not less charming is the engagement of "Le bon Baccus" with the Indians (158), which, it will be recollected, was executed in mosaic as one of the ornaments of the Temple of the Holy Bottle at Chinon. Perhaps it will be held by devoted Pantagruelists that the artist has not entirely succeeded in his representation of the humming of the Bottle (160); but this is not because he has not done his best. Here he has spared no pains. The noble priestess Bacbuc is sitting (we may pedantically observe that in the text she is kneeling), and has poured out of a generous flask a pale red wine that hums and bubbles in a great glass of opal. Immediately after this, it will be remembered, was heard the word *Trincq!* and Panurge was instructed in the secrets of the oracle. M. Garnier has painted a large and buxom female preparing to have a good straight drink; but he has hardly risen to the level of the mysteries. Perhaps, after all, he has not, with all his cleverness and vivacity, quite heard "le mot de la dive Bouteille."

TREE-PLANTING IN TOWNS.

IF it is true of sanitary as of political movements, that what Lancashire thinks to-day all England will be thinking to-morrow, there is a prospect of some very useful work being done in our large towns which has hitherto been despaired of by our more advanced sanitarians. Manchester has recently become alive to the necessity which exists for brightening and ornament-

ing its sombre streets by planting trees in them wherever suitable openings can be found or made, and an influential Committee has been formed, comprising, in addition to many members of the Corporation and its leading merchants, the chief men of science, forestry, and gardening in the county, to make preliminary inquiries as to the most suitable trees and shrubs to plant, and their requirements as to soil, atmosphere, and climate. A circular issued by this Committee has already brought in a good deal of useful information on the subject which is of interest to other large towns as well as Manchester, and which intending tree-planters would do well to study. As a proof of its determination to have some sort of greenery in its streets and open spaces, the Committee has devised a system of planting shrubs in large square boxes, which has proved satisfactory, the common holly having succeeded admirably during the first year; and it is proposed to extend this scheme, and invite the residents of the houses near which the boxes are placed to take charge of them. This is an experiment which is common enough on the Continent. Among the numerous suggestions which have been made is, that in very wide streets the trees should be planted down the middle of the streets, and not on the sides, as is usually done. This plan has many things to recommend it; the trees would grow under more favourable conditions of light and air; they would not interfere with, but rather serve to regulate, the traffic, by dividing it into two streams; and the area of many wide, dusty streets would be diminished and the expense of repairs reduced. It would, moreover, remove the objections of some residents in towns, especially shopkeepers, who are prejudiced against trees as unhealthy, or as unbusinesslike, or as liable to harbour roughs and mischievous boys, especially when seats are placed under them. A wide street like Portland Place would be much improved by being planted in this way, and the refusal of the residents to have trees-planted immediately in front of their houses by the Public Gardens Associations might thus be overcome. From the Manchester Report there appears to be some doubt whether the plane-tree, which flourishes in London under the most unfavourable conditions of soil and air, is likely to stand the climate of Lancashire, as it does not ripen its wood properly in that colder and damper district of the North of England; but the warmer and drier atmosphere of towns is favourable to the early fall of the leaf of all kinds of deciduous trees, and we trust the plane will not be passed over without a fair trial.

The Lancashire people are fully alive to the fact that the principal impediment to the success of their undertaking is the dirtiness of the atmosphere from gaseous and carbonaceous impurities, and a sub-Committee of scientific experts has undertaken to examine and analyse the air of Manchester and London microscopically and chemically under different meteorological conditions and at different elevations. Analyses of this kind have not been systematically made in this country, although the reports of the late Dr. Angus Smith contain much valuable information collected while he was acting as Inspector under the Noxious Vapours Acts passed by the late Lord Derby. In Paris, however, inquiries of this kind are carried on daily, and, as they are neither difficult nor very expensive, it is to be hoped that the small fund which is being raised to enable the sub-Committee to begin its operations will soon be forthcoming. As these inquiries would be of the highest value to other towns, the Government, the Royal Society, and the British Association and the British Medical Association might reasonably be expected to contribute to the fund. Such an inquiry would serve as a stimulus to the Smoke Prevention Societies, which are at present in much need of a fresh start; it would widen their horizon, and add to their numbers a new class of sympathizers. The fumes of sulphur, resulting from the consumption of coal, are the chief enemies of the town gardener. Trees which come latest into leaf—such as the plane, ash, walnut, acacia, and mulberry—thrive best in London, because many domestic fires have been discontinued when they burst into leaf, and their foliage remains healthy long after the earlier leafing trees, like the lime and horse-chestnut, which have been exposed to a greater amount of smoke. Some careful and continuous observations have been made from this aspect of the question by Schroeder, Reuss, Stoeckhardt, Roberts, and others with singularly uniform results; and as the time for planting is at hand, a short list of trees and shrubs, arranged in the order of their hardiness or powers of resisting our town atmospheres, will be useful:—(1) elder, spindle-tree (*Euonymus*), yucca; (2) plane (*Platanus*), almond, acubia, ivy; (3) poplar, mountain-ash, common holly, rhododendron; (4) elm, ash, hazel, Portugal laurel, arbor vitae; (5) birch, lime, oak, common laurel, araucaria; (6) sycamore, horse-chestnut, beech, arbutus, laurustinus, yew, cedar, deodara; (7) pine, Scotch fir, larch, fruit trees to blossom and ripen their fruit. The last group are very intolerant of smoke, and though they are often found growing in new suburbs where the houses have encroached on their domain, it is useless to plant them afresh in a smoke-infected district. The preservation of the old trees in our parks and old-fashioned suburban gardens is a question of not less interest than the planting of young trees. The smoke has, no doubt, much to do with their premature decay, especially in the case of their higher branches; but the greater dryness of the soil, and the drier climate of large towns, are responsible for much of it, and these are conditions which must not be lost sight of by the Manchester Committee.

THE DECAY OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

THE American press is deeply concerned for the fate of rural New England. It is being rapidly depopulated. Scarcely any part of the civilized world, not even the clays of East Essex and North Lincolnshire, has been so heavily hit by what with doubtful accuracy is termed the "depression of agriculture" as the wintry valleys and stony uplands that have been the cradle of so much that is vigorous in American life. What in England may be fairly called depression, since the whole country comes within the region depressed, should, in America, be spoken of simply as a shifting of the centres of production. Under this process the farmers of New England and Old England have been about equal sufferers, with this difference, however—the Englishman, either in the shape of owner or occupier, is almost compelled to face the difficulty. Emigration, as an alternative, could only be possible or desirable for a fraction of the strugglers. The New Englander, however, has had infinitely greater facilities and greater temptations for such a migration, and he has yielded to them so generally that the statistics of decline may well cause agitation in the minds of those who are left behind. If the State of Indiana were to develop some grave and unforeseen defect, and half of its people were to deport themselves into Colorado, no one would very much care except the remnant who were compelled to cling to the sinking ship. But the desertion of the old homesteads of New England appeals most strongly to the sentiment of all Eastern Americans, and an American upon a topic of this kind is the most sentimental of living men.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut, in New Hampshire and Vermont, hundreds of farms that twenty years ago were considered as snug and sound financial properties proportionately to their value as farms in Kent or Essex at that time were, have been actually abandoned. Old abiding places where generations of hardy, God-fearing, intolerant, close-listed yeomen tilled the soil with profit and content, have returned to the clutch of the forests and thickets from which they were rescued with such toil and pain two centuries ago. The proprietors have gone West, or into the manufacturing towns, and have been unable to find at any price buyers and cultivators for their abandoned acres. It is no question of inaccessibility to railroads and conveniences, for New England is as well supplied with such things as Yorkshire. Indeed, it would seem to be the railroads that have killed the country. The factories that, under Protection, have sprung up throughout the whole North-East, have by their high wages drawn away the farmers' families from the agricultural districts, while a perfected railway system supplies these manufacturing centres with Western produce at prices which defy local competition. It is not only that great breadths of old farming lands have been actually abandoned; but capital farms, close to towns and thriving villages, well tilled and presenting every apparent comfort and opportunity to the intelligent working farmer, are unsaleable. Details come from all parts of New England, and from all classes of people, that to any one who remembers what a solid and convertible article a good farm in the Eastern States was twenty years ago seem inconceivable. Americans even of that part of the country for whose especial benefit Protection has been maintained are beginning to realize the cost of such maintenance, and to understand that others besides the unfortunate Southern farmers have got to pay the piper. Village schools—and no surer barometer of New England prosperity could be appealed to—have shrunk here from a hundred scholars to twenty-five, there from sixty to eighteen, and in some cases collapsed altogether from want of support. Not long ago a Vermonter was met in a London shipping-office taking his ticket for Brisbane. He had first left his father's farm eighteen years ago, shipped as a seaman, and finally drifted to Australia, where he had married and become naturalized. On this occasion he had been over with his Australian wife to see the old folks in Vermont. His father he found still cultivating the ancestral two hundred acres, but under widely different circumstances. When the son left home in 1871 the farm would have fetched thirty-five dollars an acre any day in the open market, and yielded an abundant living to the family. In 1889, however, the old man was working twice as hard as of yore, and making less than half as much, and had tried in vain to sell at fifteen dollars. His neighbours had nearly all gone West. Their farms had been sold for a song to a great New York shooting club, enclosed in a ring fence, and abandoned to game and to gamekeepers!

Nor is it only from New England that the cry of depopulation comes; for in a single county in Northern New York four hundred farms are reported as unoccupied. This is worse than anything this country can show. The causes of this decline seem numerous and complex. Emigration to the cheap and fertile lands of the West is, of course, a leading and obvious one, and the Yankee farmer possesses in the highest degree the qualifications for a successful emigrant. Moreover, his exile is generally shared by so many of his old neighbours and kinsfolk that the transition has come easier to him than to most people. The high wages of the manufacturing towns and villages have been another serious drain on the country population; brought, as they have been, almost everywhere within sight of the glare of city life. The very enterprise and intelligence with which the New Englander is generally credited causes him to fall a ready victim to such fascinations. One of the most curious phases of the present condition of rural New England is, that depression and decay are actually more obvious in the neighbourhood of

flourishing towns than in the remoter districts. It might be supposed that, with such an abundance of consumers close at hand, a ready market would be found for all those smaller and perishable products that to a working farmer, with a working wife, such as is the rule in New England, are generally most profitable. The wholesale supply system, however, even to the extent of the most perishable articles, such as milk, seems to have been developed in the North-Eastern States to an extent unknown in this country, and the local farmer is left absolutely in the cold, with the further consolation of having to pay double prices for every manufactured article he buys.

Though the winters in New England are long and the land not generally rich, still such drawbacks in a natural state of things would be far more than compensated for by the completeness of its civilization, density of population, and central position. The majority of its farms are not one whit poorer than much of the land that in Great Britain is cheerfully cultivated. They have upon them houses and buildings and fences of the most substantial kind, have been generally well farmed, produce good crops of oats, potatoes, and hay, and are furnished with pastures both sweet and fresh and watered by never-failing streams. It seems incomprehensible that such estates should by the hundred be lying derelict. But the fact, unfortunately, is one beyond dispute.

In anything connected with American agriculture, however, one element should never be lost sight of, and it counts for much. This is the universal distaste of the young American for farming. He sees in it the one career which contains no future possibilities of fame or fortune, unless, perhaps, by going West. He despises it as drudgery, and shrinks from even the very modified isolation life upon an Eastern farm implies. He turns up his nose at the homespun of his fathers, honestly believes that farming is a vulgar pursuit, and knows no peace till he has secured the broadcloth and the pittance of the city clerk. The very girls will not marry farmers if they can help it, but aim at something more "genteel." What in this New England question seems most of all to disturb many excellent patriots is that the Irish Celt, who has shrunk from all pioneering work, is beginning to creep out of the cities with his politics and his priest, and to usurp the sacred soil of the deacon and the preacher. It is to be feared that, even with desolation as the only alternative, there are many excellent and patriotic Yankees who would prefer it to this; and some have even the audacity to say so.

REVIEWS.

THE LAKE DWELLERS OF EUROPE.*

DR. MUNRO was lately asked by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries to deliver the Rhind Lectures on Archaeology, and to choose as his topic "The Lake Dwellings of Europe." It is a subject on which popular ideas are of the vaguest. From an authority as old as Herodotus, we hear of men dwelling in houses built on platforms in lakes or marshes, we know that similar nests are still inhabited in New Guinea, and we have all heard vaguely of the Zürich lake dwellers, and of *crannogs* in Ireland and Scotland. But what we do not all know is the various dates of these lacustrine houses, the space of time during which they have been occupied, the nature of the civilization enjoyed there, and the causes of their decline. Though they have only been scientifically investigated since the discoveries on the Lake of Zürich, some thirty-five years ago, the extent of their diffusion is already known to be vast, and the learning about them is dispersed in scores of museums and hundreds of erudite tracts. Dr. Munro and Mrs. Munro had therefore a great piece of work before them. They began by examining the sites, remains, and collections of central Europe, and Dr. Munro studied and prepared a bibliography of the writings on lake dwellings. The result of his researches, in six copious and copiously illustrated lectures, is not easily to be condensed. In brief, the age of lake dwellers extends from the Neolithic time, or age of smooth stone weapons, through the period of copper weapons—a transition—of bronze and of iron, till English forces besieged the crannogs of Ireland, in the sixteenth century, and Mr. Edward Vaughan lost his life in leading the attack on a prehistoric fortress.

Scientific study, and Dr. Munro's summary thereof, starts from the dry weather of 1853-4, which depressed the levels of Swiss lakes, and laid bare the ancient piles on which villages were erected. These piles had been cut with blunt tools. The remains found included axes and adzes of flint in horn handles. A bronze armilla and a bead of amber were also found in the Lake of Zürich; but the deposit, on the whole, was Neolithic, stone axes and adzes being wedged in handles of horn. The relics of Obermeilen (fig. 1) are of stone and bone, with one pretty bronze tomahawk head. This illustrates a constant feature—the mixture and overlapping of periods of culture. The dredger brings all up confusedly, the old and the not so old; we can hardly examine *strata* in a lake dwelling. Thus the Grosser Hafner, in Zürich, "supplies a wonderful medley of antiquarian objects, apparently of all ages," stone, bone, bronze (including "an elegant vase"), finger rings,

* *The Lake Dwellers of Europe*. By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

amber, glass, and pottery, beautiful, but apparently not wheel-made. It is impossible, especially without illustrations, to give an idea of the vast variety of objects, indicating the long endurance of human habitations on one lake site; while different ages of civilization and artistic skill melted into each other. The curious may compare (fig. 7, No. 11) a hafted flint knife, from Vinelz, with fig. 3, No. 7), a decorated bronze spear-head from Wollishofen. Compare the former, again, with a flint knife in Dr. Lumholtz's recent work on the natives of Queensland. The modern Australian is only a little lower than the Vinelz lake dweller; while the bronze spearhead is of classical purity, with beautiful spiral incised ornaments. Bows of yew, five feet long, have been discovered at Robenhausen; the pottery in general, and the ornaments, are far beyond the resources of modern barbaric races.

Turning to Italy, we find M. G. de Mortillet suggesting in 1860 research in the lakes of Lombardy. The visits of antiquaries were well rewarded in Lake Varese and elsewhere, while remains called Terremare, in the valley of the Po, turned out to be, so to speak, a kind of inland lake dwellings or *palafittes*. The Isola Virginia proved to be "a gigantic crannog" of piles. On the top layer was a coin of Marcus Aurelius, in the second two fragments of bronze, in the third were polished stone tomahawk heads, in the fourth a flint saw with a wooden handle. Here, then, were pretty well-defined strata, yet later diggings showed the usual blending of periods, the surface having been disturbed by agriculture. Among the Celts are one or two of jade, and here it may be said that Dr. Munro leaves the puzzle of the jade weapons unsolved. Mr. Max Müller thought they might have been brought by Aryans from Asia, and this would be a happy proof of his theory of the Asiatic origin of the Aryans. But science takes a distinction between Oriental jade and the jade of the lake dwellings, while no jade, or none in any appreciable quantity, has been found anywhere in the region of the lake dwellings, in spite of the offer of a reward. Probably it was brought in through ancient commercial traffic, as beads and cowries pass from hand to hand, and as amber must assuredly have been introduced. But whence was the jade transported? To that question there seems no satisfactory answer. Like most lake dwellings, this of Isola Virginia has been destroyed by fire, "towards the close of the Bronze age, or the beginning of the Iron age." The inhabitants were hunters, fishers, and tillers of the soil; in angling they used bronze-eyed hooks. The Italian flint arrow-heads are of very elegant and delicate manufacture. The Terremare, at first taken for elaborate kitchen middens, prove to have been settlements of people in the same stage as the lake dwellers; built on piles supporting beams. When the space below was choked up a new stratum was erected; the surface of the old was the basis of the new *bacino*. They chiefly belong, with Neolithic survivals, to the early Bronze age. Very similar methods of building, with similar relics, are found in Dithmarschen, in Friesland, and elsewhere.

Coming nearer home, Irish crannogs have interested science since Dr. Petrie and Sir William Wilde examined them in 1839. Sir William read a paper to the Irish Academy on remains at Danshauglin in 1840. This was a settlement of the Iron age; there were "no brazen weapons." Ornamental designs of great beauty were found carved in bone; they resemble those of Irish manuscripts. A queer iron pipe was found; what was smoked in it? There were elaborately pretty small-tooth combs; there were iron saws, pincers, daggers. A siege of this crannog is recorded (848 A.D.) in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. The bronze dishes, brooches ("late Celtic"), and pottery are all excellent; and there are traces of the use of enamel. Here is a civilization far more advanced than that of Swiss lake dwellers and far later. Only the ancient method of defensive building, on an island, artificial as a rule, is the same, or similar, in periods widely divided.

In Scotland, Mr. Joseph Robertson, in 1857, introduced the formal study of lake dwellings. Those which he examined were in Loch Baborry and Loch Cannor; while others in Loch Dowalton (Wigtownshire) were described by the Duke of Northumberland in 1863. In 1879 Lochlee, in Ayrshire, was examined, and generally Ayr, Dumfries, and Wigtown counties hold most of the best known Scottish specimens, though probably the remote tarns of Morvern would yield agreeable results. At Dowalton the piles and mortised framework of oak attest very considerable skill and industry. A pretty bronze pot here is marked P. Cipipolibi, and, of course, is of no prehistoric date. A piece of Samian ware was also found. The Lochlee Crannog must frequently have escaped the notice of Robert Burns, whose father was tenant, to his sorrow, of this unremunerative farm. The warden substructure is most workmanlike, but the date must be old, as stone axe-heads are found, in company with bronze and iron utensils, fibulae, and bridle-bits. Loch Rushton is remarkable for a piece of early "smashing," a false gold coin, probably Saxon. There were also finger-rings of gold, and a polished rock crystal. Dr. Munro concludes that these dwellings were forts occupied by the Celtic peoples, in their conflict with Angles, Picts, and Scots, from the departure of the Romans to the English conquest of Strathclyde. As to the whole question of race, he attributes the oldest lake dwellings to early Neolithic invaders of Europe, who came from the Black Sea and Mediterranean up the Danube, and so to the central lakes. Iron, brought in by a new people, in their hands ruined the Swiss lake-dwelling

communities. From the first, even in the Stone age, the people were civilized enough to be weavers, potters, husbandmen, and keepers of domesticated animals. Bronze was imported, and bronze weapons were imitated in unalloyed copper. Bridle bits, and even wheels, prove that horses were domesticated. Tinfoil was used in the decoration of pottery. Religious objects are scarce, and not very devotional looking. So much for Swiss culture; in Scotland and Ireland we find the lake dwellers in the Iron stage and Post-Roman. Dr. Munro inclines to think that the first Celtic invaders of Ireland and Scotland got the art of island-building from the dwellers in pile-villages in Central Europe, and retained it long after it was obsolete on the Continent. When later harassed by English, the Celts fell back on their primitive mode of fortification. "It is as defenders, not as conquerors, that the Celts constructed their lake dwellings." Dr. Munro defends this plausible hypothesis against several critics. The chief objection, we think, is the great comparative lack of early crannogs. Even as conquerors the Celts would find them useful, and, if they did not, they would lose the art and the idea long before they, in turn, had to stand on the defensive. But perhaps, in similar circumstances, so simple an idea of defence might occur to people of any race in a not very advanced civilization. In all periods these lake dwellers, whatever their race, had great aptitude for art; indeed, their relics are much more artistic than ours will seem when antiquaries dig in the dustheap that London will one day be.

Dr. Munro's book is infinitely rich in detail, is very clear and systematic, and has every aid that can be given by illustration, index, and bibliography. It is a great addition to the valuable series of Rhind Lectures, and the Scottish Antiquaries set an excellent example to our own and to the English Universities.

ATLASES AND TOPOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.*

SUPERLATIVES are seldom more out of place than in dealing with elaborate works of reference, such as atlases, which are a kind of encyclopædia in their way, and which generally have some particular merit each of its own. It is enough to say that of atlases which, scale and price being taken into consideration, can be compared with Messrs. Johnston's well-known *Handy Royal Atlas* we hardly know more than one, or at most two, which could sustain the comparison, while it has in its own way advantages over these. It is extremely "handy" in size, not exceeding that of a good-sized folio of the old sort. Yet it has an advantage which not only most small atlases, but most large ones too, lack—the advantage of being so bound that every map from the first to the last opens up nearly flat, if not quite; so that never is there the irritating depression in the centre which sometimes conceals the very place you want, and still oftener interferes with the tracing of a continuous route. Its fifty-two maps, counting the frontispiece or North Polar chart, are excellently divided, and still more excellently worked up to date. If we were advising on the composition of an entirely new atlas (a thing very seldom undertaken), we might, indeed, make some suggestions here, as in other cases. For instance, now that Africa, as a whole, has been taken as a European province, we should say that, after the general map, the best division would be South Africa (as here), Central Africa (as here); but then, Northern Africa, divided in two maps on the parallel, say, of 15° E. down to 5° N. But it was not Messrs. Johnston's fault that the Anglo-French and Anglo-Portuguese agreements came just too late to be included in their map. On the other hand, the Anglo-German delimitation and Mr. Stanley's discoveries did not. The vast amount of new exploration and political changes in Central Asia, using that term widely as extending from the Caspian to Siam, and from Lake Baikal to the Gulf of Bengal, have been incorporated. So has the more recent political and geographical information as to Australia, New Guinea, and Borneo; the numerous additions to our knowledge of North-Western Africa (though such a disposition of the maps as we have advised would be of special advantage here as regards the Niger), the recent discoveries in Greenland, and the extensions, less aided by Englishmen than most others, but constantly proceeding, of our knowledge of the great central terra-incognita of South America, all appear. It is not less important that they appear in a right way. Few people who have not to make constant and large use of atlases know how difficult the mechanical presentation of them is, and what a difference the non-insertion or the over-insertion of mountains, and the like, makes. The *Handy Royal* has always been very good in this respect, and if it is of course inferior to its own great exemplar the *Royal* of the same publishers, or to the larger edition of Mr. Stanford's *London*, it can hold the crown of the causeway with the best of all others.

* *The Handy Royal Atlas*. New edition. London and Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston. 1890.

New Five Shilling Atlas. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer. London: Religious Tract Society. 1890.

Résumé of the Publications of the Ordnance Survey. London: Stanford. 1890.

Thorough Guides—Surrey and Sussex. By C. S. Ward. London: Dulau. 1890.

Madeira and the Canary Islands. By A. S. Brown. Second edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

For a small, strong, cheap atlas of the school type, Messrs. Longman's *New Five Shilling* may be recommended. We do not altogether like its plan, which is, however, the most modern of such plans—few towns marked, elaborate contours of the heights of land and depths of sea, mountains heavily scored in the German style, bright physical colouring, and so forth. But there is unquestionably a demand for such things, and there can be no objection to the supply when it is as well done as it is here. The cheapness of the book is remarkable, and the number, arrangement, and mechanical production of the maps all that can be reasonably desired.

The present *Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer* of the Religious Tract Society is, it appears, the fourth which the Society has issued in half a century, the dates being 1840, 1852, 1877, and the present year. It is needless to say how much our knowledge of Palestinian topography has been enlarged even since thirteen years ago, and the present issue appears to have incorporated with great pains and success the results of Major Conder and other explorers.

Comparatively few people, we are inclined to think, are aware how far the new Ordnance Survey of England has progressed. The old Survey, once famous, and justly so, in the land, has got into rather bad odour by the continued selling of it long after the maps have become totally obsolete. It was begun nearly a hundred years ago, and, as far as England was concerned, all but the extreme Northern counties were finished sixty years since. The consequence is that, as everybody who has trusted it in out-of-the-way parts knows, it is utterly untrustworthy. Not that the Survey was bad, but that railways, roads, buildings, enclosures, names, and everything else have been taking liberties with it ever since, while in some cases, as we can testify from actual experience, streams and other non-conventional landmarks may have existed when Her Majesty's engineers delineated them, but certainly do not now. About a generation ago the question of beginning again suggested itself, and, though the progress has been "slow, dooms slow," owing to the parsimony of Government, a good deal has been made. The immediate aim was at "cadastral purposes," and if anybody does not know what a cadastral purpose is, it is hardly necessary to say that he has no right to exist. For this sacred object twenty-five-inch and six-inch to the mile maps were ordered, the latter of which are, we believe, quite, and the former nearly, complete; together with a five-foot or ten-foot scale for towns. But it is scarcely necessary to say that, except for cadastral purposes, and when a man is buying, selling, or otherwise intermeddling with land, maps such as these, even the six-inch, are no maps. You do not want a map of the road from London to Windsor which would half cover the wall of your study, much less one which would paper a pretty good sized dining-room. The one-inch scale is the scale. It suffices even in difficult country for the wants of the pedestrian; it is not too large to give a decent space to any county or riding on a wall or in a folded map. We believe that few people know how far it has proceeded on the new Survey, and the information will be found in a very useful pamphlet issued by Mr. Stanford, the agent for the maps. It may be added that it has an additional advantage over the new large-scale maps, from which it is reduced, in that it is still engraved on honest copper with honest acid, and not photo-zincographed or bedevilled in any other fashion, and another over the old one-inch survey, that its sheets are smaller (twenty-one inches by sixteen instead of forty by twenty-seven). Although there is a great deal still to be done, it being necessary to reduce this map from the larger scale, which has been done first, much progress has been made. Reversing the old order of progress, the north, from Berwick to Preston (almost) on the west and Hull (almost) on the east, is complete. Elsewhere the work has been done from several centres. The whole coast from Cromer, or rather Overstrand, round nearly to Christchurch, is complete, and the inland maps of this series embrace all the home counties, and run with some gaps and cantles to Swaffham, to Bedford, and then down a line running through Chipping Norton and Hungerford to Lymington. In the west the greater part of Cornwall is done, with the Holsworthy and Oakhampton district of Devon, while another patch in South Wales, and a last and larger one, from near Conway across to Newark, and from the Peak almost to Shrewsbury, is also available. As the Survey appears to be completed, it must be a mere matter of money how soon the mechanical work is turned out, and Parliament is stingy enough towards such things. But the public demand cannot be wholly without effect, and ignorance of what may be had on demand naturally does not stimulate this. Only we should like to urge on the Ordnance authorities the importance of keeping the maps up to date. "Soothful bards have said," not that "they wished them under arbour bough with Asia's willing maid," which is, however, quite possible, but that they have bought sheets of this new Survey in which railways, not of to-day or yesterday, are still unmarked. There is no sort of difficulty in avoiding such things, and no private firm would make any. An intelligent sergeant of engineers at Southampton, furnished with a monthly *Bradshaw*, could give the necessary directions, and see that they were carried out. It would be a pity if the new Survey, like the old one, were allowed to grow obsolete before it is finished.

The *Survey and Sussex* of the "Thorough Guide" Series is uncommonly late for the present holiday season. But these home counties are less subject to the difference of holiday and no holiday than more distant ones, and give the Londoner, in especial, ample temptation and room for autumn, winter, and

spring excursions. We are glad to see that the new volume of this excellent series carries out to an even greater extent than its forerunners the principles of guide-book compilation which we have insisted on here for a good many years. Only two, we think—and we would there were not even those two—of the numerous maps are on the practically useless quarter-inch scale, and there are capital town plans (the greatest of all boons to the traveller) of Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Brighton, Eastbourne, and Chichester. For these things of themselves we could be content to bless Mr. Ward only, if the absence of a little cursing were not the worst of compliments in criticism. We shall, therefore, say that he is, as he has been before, a little prone to calling places "dull" (no place, rightly understood, is dull, and no place with the sea in front of it and the sky overhead can be), and that he does not gibbet and anathematize, as he ought, the name of the unrepentant ruffian who gutted Hurstmonceux. Naylor it was, we believe, and may nails longer than those that held Prometheus rive his gizzard for a good thousand years in purgatory. Fault otherwise we find none, though perhaps in special neighbourhoods special intelligence might do so, and merit there is much.

Mr. Samler Brown's compact and useful guide to Madeira and the Fortunate Islands (if he would tell us what language he imagines "*Isle Fortunata*" to be, the sole crow we have to pluck with him would be plucked) has reached a second edition, and has been equipped with much new and useful information about these popular resorts. Already English hotels are rising by dozens in Grand Canary and Tenerife; and probably before long the same will be the case in Palma, Hierro, and Gomera, if not in the more African and arid Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, where a man compulsorily "goes in for camels," like Mr. James Harthouse, but where you can live for three shillings a day, including wine. On the other hand, the bloom is being a little restored to Madeira, which was for a time under a cloud. In some respects Mr. Samler Brown is the very model of a guide. We hardly know another writer of his class who writes so little "about it and about it," and comes so directly to the point. Of talkative, even about Guanches, there is hardly any; the very dragon-tree does not beguile Mr. Brown from the austerity of a model examination answer. But for distances, paths, prices, the number of beds to be expected at this and that Fonda, the places where you should not drink water, and all such things, he is a pearl of commentators, and all in scarcely a hundred pages, with good, though uncoloured, maps. His name, if we may jest on names, really ought to be Sampler and not Samler.

NOVELS.*

A MODERN MILKMAID is a rather interesting story in three thin volumes. Why thus thin and three? we may ask. There is really not more than enough material to make a decent-sized book, but by the artful aid of enormous type, wide spacing, and blank pages innumerable, this proper measure is evaded. The professed novel-reader must have his way, however, and three volumes, we take it, are a token of his way. "Lecky possessed a somewhat large nose of no particular make . . . his colouring might have been Italian in its pallor and its darkness. As a matter of fact, he was by birth an Irishman." Rather a queer description of a hero. Still, we rather like Lecky. Lecky it was who "found" the modern milkmaid, who was utilized by her stern old grandmother in this menial capacity. The old lady only regretted that her Esther was not sufficiently muscular to perform the more laborious duties of the farm. A nice woman, no doubt, but not the one to set bonds on genius. So genius fretted. Lecky found Esther in the fields, crying bitterly under a hedge, where a blackbird piped; and, at the first sound of her voice, knew that he had found a jewel. He made her sing to him then and there, and the upshot of the trial was that Donnthorpe Lecky, the person with "a somewhat large nose of no particular make," and singing-master and organist to boot, undertook the musical training of the inspired milkmaid. The dreadful grandmother had a horror of secular music, and stipulated that her granddaughter's repertoire should not extend beyond hymns. And hymns Esther and the artful Lecky practised, hymns of a pronounced operatic flavour. Lecky had resolved that his protégée should become a prima donna of the first quality, and therefore they practised hymns. Lord Coombe, the largest landed proprietor of Faidellshire (why not say Hampshire?), like the rest of the characters in this book, was chiefly remarkable for his nose. As far as we can discover, it was a kind of pothook, and must have been a source of considerable annoyance to its noble owner. His daughter, Lady Blanche, was engaged to be married to Captain L'Estrange, a handsome animal in the army, who on several occasions was guilty of conduct unbefitting an officer and a gentleman. Blanche, in spite of her engagement to the handsome captain, is in love with Lecky, whom she had met in London before he accepted the post

* *A Modern Milkmaid*. By the Author of "Commonplace Sinners." 3 vols. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

A Born Coquette. By Mrs. Hungerford, Author of "Molly Bawn" &c. 3 vols. London: Spencer Blackett. 1890.

The Folks of Fernleigh. By Emily Foster. Manchester: Brook & Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1890.

of organist at Fairdell. L'Estrange has an affectionate esteem for his affianced bride, and nothing more, but conceives a guilty passion for Esther at first sight, while that damsel is throughout the humble adorer of her singing-master. L'Estrange's passion at once fascinates and repels Esther. This feature of the story is very cleverly worked out. He was not altogether an agreeable admirer. "Do not look at me like that," she said on the occasion of their first meeting; "you make me feel as though I had no clothes on." This valuable gift of the Captain's must have been embarrassing at times, when people like to feel that they have got something on.

To Lecky Esther entrusts herself body and soul. This is unfortunate; for Lecky is an Agnostic, and soon under his influence Esther knows none other gods but her art and her master's will. Indeed, this misguided damsel was inclined to think the Kingdom of Heaven a poor sort of place, and from the teaching of the local curate, Mr. Harvey, she is led to "fancy the blessed land nothing but well-made beds in rows, like a hospital." Personally we believe this to be a mistaken view of the case. Out of all this tangled skein of love affairs a prima donna has to be evolved on the invitation of Lecky. Herr Schubert, a professional friend, comes down to Fairdell to try Esther's voice, and is delighted with the result. He warmly invites her to come to him in London (he is a married man) whenever she is in difficulty, and provides her with money for the purpose. Soon after this Esther and her grandmother are invited to visit the grounds of Castle Coombe, and on that occasion Captain L'Estrange, who was always contriving to take poor Esther at a mean advantage, ran across her path. "He bent his mouth to hers. But between their lips, like a severing sword, there cut the air a sharp call of Esther! Esther!" The Captain, a man of few words, was painfully monosyllabic on that occasion. The grandmother appears on the scene, and carrying her granddaughter away in high dudgeon, tells her that her mother was betrayed by a near relative of this Captain L'Estrange, forbids any more music lessons (even the poor innocent hymns), whips her, and sends her supperless to bed. Esther sees that her hour is come. She knots her sheets into a rope, puts the Herr's money in her purse, and descends into the arms of the ubiquitous Captain, whom however she escapes, and, running to the railway-station, she takes train, and places herself under the hospitable roof of Herr Schubert. Meanwhile, Lecky has made a declaration of love to Lady Blanche, and has been rejected, owing to his refusal to leave Esther's musical training in other hands. Esther made her *début* on the operatic stage with great success, and Lecky, who has heard that her name is discreditably linked with his, sets matters straight by marrying his pretty pupil. On the night of the wedding Blanche runs away from Castle Coombe to avoid being married to L'Estrange, and throws herself at Lecky's feet to beseech his love and protection. He bids her leave the house; but Esther, having overheard their conversation, comes to the conclusion that she is in the way. She leaves the house, and is found by L'Estrange (this time accidentally) wandering about in the snow well-nigh insane. To tell what follows would be to give away the whole plot. In spite of many weak points in construction and style, *A Modern Milkmaid* is not uninteresting. The motif of Esther's flight from her husband is ridiculously inadequate. Surely it lay within her power to attract to herself any shreds of affection which Lecky might have lavished on the infatuated Blanche. She should have held her position as a true woman. There are many bright touches of description in the book; and, although the author of *Commonplace Sinners* does not deign to go to Nature in every instance at first hand, this ingenious lady may one day write a really clever and successful novel.

There is not so much to be said about Mrs. Hungerford's new book, *A Born Coquette*. It is of the usual order of architecture to which the author of *Molly Bawn* schooled us in our earliest youth. How well we know them all! That household of romping Irish girls; that old, old butler (with brogue), left *in loco parentis* by the dear departed saint; the usual commonplace accessories! All the girls in this book are pretty. Penelope was the beauty of the family. She had a "peach-bloom" complexion, and eyes of "Irish blue"; but Nan, the eldest, is more saucy, and her mouth was "perfectly adorable"; while Gladys, the third girl, had those "undecided features which might or might not prove perfection possible." In the second volume we are told that Nan's neck was "boneless as a new-born babe's." But we cannot regard that as an additional attraction. It sounds too acrobatic. Our own impression is that the newest of new-born babes has a bone or two in its neck. At least we know we had. There are three young men, all more or less bound up in the career of the born coquette. The good one is not very interesting. He "suffers" a good deal, one way and another; but the bad one, Boyle Ffrench, is absolutely vile. He had a bad habit of fixing his eyes somewhere. Sometimes on Nan's hair, and sometimes on the tessellated pavement of the conservatory. It must have been very embarrassing. Nan boxed his ears when he made insulting proposals to her, just on the eve of his departure for India. It must have done him a world of good. On arriving in India he departed with his Colonel's wife to "the hills," and seems to have had a good time. On one occasion Nan went out yachting with the good young man. They got carried out to sea, and eventually made Milford Haven. To avoid scandal, Nan and the good young man are made one. The storm affair is the less ex-

cusable as but for it the career of *A Born Coquette* as a book would have stopped short with the first volume.

Miss Emily Foster is known, we believe, in the North of England as a writer of "temperance" fiction, and there are signs of this recurrent madness in *The Folks of Fernleigh*. It appears that Canon Littleton might have lived a little longer if he could have "given up alcohol"; but he couldn't, so he died. This book is very simply written, and seems suitable to be given away as a prize to schoolgirls.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.*

CHAUCER'S Canterbury Tales, by J. Saunders, is a handy little volume, which does not contain the whole text of the *Canterbury Tales*, but only extracts from them, with a running commentary and explanation of each, and with some valuable chapters explaining all that a student ought to know in order to read them with comfort and profit. The origin of this revised edition has been related in the *Academy* and elsewhere, and may be briefly told as follows. The book in its original form was contained in three of Charles Knight's "Weekly Volumes." The late Daniel Macmillan, of Cambridge, admired it, and advised all his pupil-customers to buy it. Among them was Dr. Furnival, who has been helping Mr. Saunders with this new edition. The account of the characters in the Prologue is so good, and gives such a capital sketch of the different classes of society in Chaucer's time, that Mr. Churton Collins said he must have it for the use of the students at his University Extension lectures. He asked why some publisher did not reprint so excellent a book, assuming that its writer had been long dead. Whereupon Mr. Saunders asserted that he was alive and well, and would re-edit his book himself. Mr. Dent, who had attended Mr. Collins's lectures, undertook the publication, and Dr. Furnival got the Chaucer Society to allow its Ellesmere MS. cuts of the Tale-tellers to be used in the book.

Abridgments, epitomes, "elegant extracts," "Beauties of —," and the like, are, as a rule, only useful for those who wish to "get up" a superficial knowledge of a book for examination purposes, and who do not take sufficient interest in their author to read him in the original. But in the case of Chaucer this rule does not altogether apply. Much of his language is unintelligible to a reader who comes to it without previous training, and especially when he finds it clothed in the antique form beloved by Dr. Morris. "He who first opens Chaucer," says Sir Walter Scott, "is so much struck with the obsolete spelling, multiplied consonants, and antiquated appearance of the language, that he is apt to lay down the book in despair, as encrusted too deep with the rust of antiquity to permit his judging of its merits or tasting its beauties. But if some intelligent and accomplished friend points out to him that the difficulties by which he is startled are more in appearance than reality, if by reading aloud to him, or by reducing the ordinary words to the modern orthography, he satisfies his proselyte that only about one-tenth part of the words employed are in fact obsolete, the novice may be easily persuaded to approach the 'well of English undefiled' with the certainty that a slender degree of patience will enable him to enjoy both the humour and the pathos with which old Geoffrey delighted the age of Cressy and of Poitiers."

Mr. Saunders is well qualified to act as Scott's "intelligent and accomplished friend." He takes a middle course, neither reproducing the original nor yet completely modernizing it, but telling each story as far as possible in Chaucer's words, resolving inconvenient or difficult passages into prose, supplying a glossary at the foot of each page, using modern spelling where practicable, and carefully accenting those words which, in accordance with the principles by which Chaucer was guided in composition, require to be pronounced in a different manner to that now in use. We may add that, besides omitting many lines which are too difficult for any but advanced students, he has also judiciously expurgated the Tales, and thus removed one grave objection to the reading of Chaucer by young people. Leaving the "circles" to count "weak" rhymes, and revel in antique spelling and philological puzzles till they cannot any longer see the wood for the trees, he has endeavoured to enable his countrymen to enjoy and understand the work of the earliest of English poets. As an American humourist has observed, "Chaucer was a clever man, but he couldn't spell." We cannot in the nineteenth century understand the complete indifference to spelling which seems to have prevailed in the fourteenth; but this is surely a reason against preserving that spelling as a sacred thing. There is no gain, as Mr. Gilman points out, "in printing *ayeyn* in one place and *ageyn* in another, nor are *yaf*, *yeue*, *yive*, *yate* any better forms than *gaf*, *geve*, *give*, *gate*, especially when we know that *ageyn* is allied to the old English *ongean* and the German *gegen*, and that *g* was the original consonant in the other words." The ordinary reader does not know this, and does not want to know it. He reads for the story, and if he cannot follow the story because of the archaisms by which it is overlaid, he throws it down, and takes up a modern novel. He does not want to study Old English, Old High German, or Grimm's Law. If he once feels the magic of Chaucer's style, he may be led, out of love for the poetry, to

* *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*. Annotated and Accented, with Illustrations of English Life in Chaucer's Time, by John Saunders. New and revised edition, with Illustrations from the Ellesmere MS. London: Dent & Co.

investigate the language in which it was written; but he is not likely to reverse the process.

Wordsworth's "Cuckoo and Nightingale" Mr. Saunders forbears to criticize; but he argues with some success that "Mine Host of the Garter," in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is drawn from Chaucer's jovial Harry Bailey of the "Tabard." It is strange that, while he points out the materials to be found in the *Tales* for a romance of the middle ages, he does not mention *Ivanhoe*, in which Scott has avowedly drawn "Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx" after the "Monk" in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, as appears by the lines prefixed as motto to the second chapter. "Cedric the Saxon," also, was probably suggested by Chaucer's "Franklin." It must be remembered that shortly before writing *Ivanhoe* Scott had edited Dryden's works and also reviewed Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*.

But it is not merely England in the middle ages of which we read in Chaucer. Almost every story worth preserving which was current in his day has been preserved by him, so that his works really form a compendium of the literature of the world up to his own time. On the slender thread of the Pilgrimage to Canterbury all the gems of the dark ages, real or false, contribute one after another their quaint shapes to form a necklace. "Chaucer," says M. Taine, "is like a jeweller with his hands full; pearls and glass beads, sparkling diamonds and common agates, black jet and rosy rubies, all that history and imagination had been able to gather and fashion during three centuries in the East, in France, in Wales, in Provence, in Italy, all that had rolled his way, clashed together, broken or polished by the stream of centuries and by the great jumble of human memory, he holds in his hand, arranges it, composes therefrom a long sparkling ornament with twenty pendants, a thousand facets, which by its splendour, variety, and contrasts may attract and satisfy the eyes of those most greedy for amusement and novelty. . . . The characters speak too much, but, then, they speak so well."

The interest of the book is considerably enhanced by the quaint cuts, representing the various Canterbury pilgrims, which Mr. Saunders has been permitted to reproduce from the Ellesmere MS. Altogether, the book forms an attractive introduction to the study of Chaucer, and we sincerely hope that it will be appreciated as it deserves.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.*

WE have here about the usual number of volumes allowed at a time to country subscribers by circulating libraries, with perhaps something like the average variety of subject affected by the supporters of those institutions. In dealing with them we propose to take "the improving book" first, although we suspect that in so doing we are setting all precedent at defiance. The author of *The Victories of the British Army in the Peninsula and the South of France from 1808 to 1814* has made up his book from Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* and Gurwood's *Duke of Wellington's Despatches*, and he himself very candidly describes it as an epitome in one volume of the twenty volumes comprising those standard works. Being well indexed, it should form a useful book of reference for small libraries whose owners cannot afford either the space or the money for Gurwood's and Napier's ponderous compilations, and it may also be of some service as a "handbook of cram." Like all epitomes, it is a little dry, and reading the double accounts of each battle—the first according to Wellington's official despatches, and the second according to Napier's history—reminds one of wading through a long account of a current event, first in one newspaper and then in another—a somewhat wearying process. It is a question whether, if it was desirable to epitomize Napier's and Gurwood's books at all, it might not have been better to epitomize them into one continuous narrative. If the author had done this, and sacrificed the student for the sake of the general reader, we think that he might have produced a more popular book; yet for purposes of study, and still more, perhaps, for those of reference, his work may be more useful as it stands. There is one point, however, on which we do not hesitate to express our unqualified regret, and that is the absence of maps. They are almost essential in a handbook of this kind, and, if

* *The Victories of the British Army in the Peninsula and the South of France from 1808 to 1814.* By Robert O'Byrne. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

Nero. A Romance. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated from the German by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford. New York: Gottsberger & Co.; London: Trübner & Co.

Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay. By William Root Bliss. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Gerald Ffrench's Friends. By George H. Jessop. London: Longmans & Co.

The Triumph of Manhood. By Marie Conor (Mrs. Leighton). London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

The Witch of Atlas. A Ballooning Story. By H. Park Bowden. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

A Nero Do Weel. A Novel. By D. Cecil Gibbs. London: Remington & Co.

Mrs. Fenton. A Sketch. By W. E. Norris. London: Longmans & Co.

The Silver Whistle. A Novel. By Nae'v. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

supplemented by diagrams of the battles, they would have added immensely to its value.

Next to this work of history we will take a classical romance. Now, in order to succeed, it is necessary that an historical romance should be an exceptionally interesting book, and this we cannot call *Nero*, good as it is up to a certain point. The story of Nero is too familiar to most readers to form an exciting subject for a novel. It is true that the author has claimed "the same freedom the dramatic author has long regarded as his indisputable privilege when dealing with historical material." Instead of making Nero guilty of the death of Britannicus, he makes him horrified at learning that it was not the result of natural causes; he crucifies St. Paul instead of beheading him; he makes Poppaea die in childbirth from an accident, instead of being kicked to death by Nero; and he represents Nero's conduct during the burning of Rome in a somewhat unusual light; but, notwithstanding these and other variations from the more commonly accepted traditions, he never succeeds in exciting us. He spins out his scenes and conversations in a manner highly conducive to skipping; and we greatly doubt whether he will convert ordinary people, whom he considers "misled by the usual conception of Nero's character," to his own opinions. Nevertheless, there is some good work in the book; moreover, the very fact of the author taking a view of his own about Nero's character gives it a certain interest, and his readers may amuse themselves by finding the authorities which support some of his theories.

Now we come to a book which may practically be called historical and cannot be called romance. In *Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay* Mr. William Root Bliss gives a sketch of colonial life on the coast of Massachusetts from about 1679 to 1754. Comparatively few Englishmen are aware of the very great love of Americans for things that are old; and the officials of the Herald's College will, we are sure, bear us out in saying that those Americans who have, or imagine that they have, a claim to a pedigree of any length will hunt it out with a perseverance, not to say a pertinacity, worthy of "the greatest people on earth." After all, English families that can trace their descent to the times of the Conquest take an interest in the doings of their ancestors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so why should not Americans? And one of our own writers on genealogy, Mr. P. F. Hodgson, says with much truth that many Americans are "descended from families of standing and position, who from motives of honour and patriotism were compelled to leave the old country centuries ago, and at a period when the predecessors of many of our modern gentry were only their servants or dependants." Mr. Bliss has collected many quaint and interesting accounts of seventeenth- or eighteenth-century American life from old records. Some of these concern the "Justes of the peace." This official seems to have been very active in fining delinquents for "profrain Swearing," "Larfing" "in the time of Public Devine Sarvice," and "Prophaning the Sabbath." One culprit protests that his offence was committed through "axatant"; but another admits that he threw his enemy down, "poled his hare and rubed his Ears." We read of a little colony that became convinced of the "nesesiti" of limiting each proprietor to "thurtitoo nete catel." The entries in some of the old memorandum-books of the farmers are curious. In one of these an exchange is mentioned of "two hox sets" (hogheads) "of melases for my turpen tine." This orthography shows good cause for a later entry to the effect that "biniamin tupper" (Benjamin Tupper) "came to my hous to ceep scool." It was, indeed, high time to engage the services of what another colonist described as "a Skoll master" "to teach childered and youth to Reed and writte." We modern Englishmen object to our dogs being muzzled. What should we think of a law providing that every "dog Bitch or dog kind" should be fettered for forty days from April 20th, by "having one of theire forefeet fastened up to their neck so as to prevent their digging up of fish," which were at that time of year put into the ground in order to manure it. Most edifying are the descriptions of the religious services in the meeting-houses. A great brass-bound hour-glass was put upon the pulpit's edge, and the minister was expected to continue to preach as long as any sand was running. Moreover, constables were appointed to keep "ye doores fast and suffer none to goe out before ye whole exercise bee ended." Surgery and dentistry were administered with the same severity as theology. "One might have an aching tooth jerked out by the fall of a ten-pound weight tied to it, or the pain might be destroyed by pressing quicklime into the cavity." We merely give these as specimens of the odds and ends of past times with which the book is filled.

We proceed next to fiction founded on fact. Mr. Jessop's new volume, entitled *Gerald Ffrench's Friends*, consists of half a dozen stories of the Irish in California between the years 1873 and 1878. Their object "is to depict a few of the most characteristic types of the native Celt of the original stock—as yet unmixed in blood, but modified by new surroundings and a different civilization." We are told that every incident is "based on fact," and that some "are mere transcripts from actual life." One of the best chapters is the first, which describes "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Aigle," a Nationalist journal, so called because "the aigle is universally regarded as the burrod of freedom." "Deep be her talents in the black heart of the saxon oppressor!" It is a bright and entertaining little book.

Now we come to nothing but novels, pure and simple (?) A singularly disagreeable collection of characters is submitted to the study of the reader of *The Triumph of Manhood*. Perhaps

the least objectionable in the whole party is the heroine. Wonderful to relate, "she was a girl," and we are told that "there is nothing sweeter on earth, nothing purer, nothing holier, nothing that in its essence is so nearly divine." Observe, however, that "the divineness of girlhood has nothing of primness in it." Certainly not, at least in these latter days! "The heroine thought rarely of love. When she did think of it, it was reverently, fearfully, as a grand mysterious something." This young lady, full of divineness with nothing of primness, encountered a creature on whose "features were printed the indubitable signs of an evil inner nature and an outward career of vice." But he was quite cast into the shade by her papa, of whom we read that, on one occasion, "every pore of his flesh listened." Her mamma, too, begins by "battling with a lie," and ends by trying to murder her husband, who has already murdered the man with the evil inner nature and the outward career of vice. Somehow or other, with all the murder and smallpox, the clandestine meetings and the clandestine marriages, "the inner consciousness" of the mother, the "soul-tortures" of the father, and the "thoughts that dwell deep down, and are never clarified by utterance" in the daughter, the novel fails to excite, fails to interest, and, most of all, fails to please the reader. In the course of the three volumes are several ridiculous inaccuracies; but it would be waste of time to point them out in detail.

The Witch of Atlas, "A Ballooning Story," is a very smart little comedy. Its improbabilities—they cannot quite be called impossibilities—are so good-humouredly and coolly presented to the reader, that he receives them without protest, while many of the descriptions are so able as to lead an atmosphere of reality to a story which might otherwise have appeared terribly far-fetched. This is the first novel we can call to mind that treats of love-making six or eight thousand feet above the earth, nor do we remember any book that gives a better description of ballooning. Perhaps it is more interesting and entertaining when the characters are up in the skies than when they are on terra firma; partly, no doubt, because in the latter case they are generally ill in bed after a serious ballooning accident; but from end to end the story is bright and entertaining, and it is not a page too long. Indeed, we were disappointed when we found that we were not to make just one more ascent in the balloon with the charming heroine.

A Nèr Do Weel is a fat one-volume novel, and it is as heavy to read as it is heavy to hold. The hero is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and the scenes are laid partly in Scotland and partly at the Cape. The Zulu war is "worked in," and the plot ends with a very unsatisfactory marriage. It is a decidedly weak specimen of the art of novel-writing.

Mr. Norris's sketch, *Mrs. Fenton*, is lively and clever. It would be difficult to criticize it thoroughly without spoiling the interest of the story for those who have not read it, which would be a pity, as it is a very readable little novel, in spite of a few weak points, both in its plot and in its characters. The latter, however, have been pretty carefully studied, and are on the whole well drawn, with considerable variety and individuality. The author is wise enough to limit their number, so that his reader's whole attention may be concentrated upon the few that are presented to him. The heroine, Mrs. Fenton, is the most prominent character of the book, although we see nothing of her in the early part of it. When she does appear she comes, as it were, with a bound upon the stage, and carries the house with her until the fall of the curtain. The hero and the "second lady" seem to have been purposely made a little weak in order to set her off. We like the story better than the spelling. "Favor," "neighbor," and "endeavor" are certainly recognized in America; so also is "traveled"; but we don't like them in England. "Offense" is rarer than "offence"; "skeptical" is ugly; "theater" and "specter" are hideous; "willfulness" looks wrong, and "gayety" is abominable. If Mr. Norris must needs do this sort of thing at all, why d'uz he not rit unfonistiskaly?

It would be difficult to find a more Irish book than *The Silver Whistle*. The subject is Hibernian, and still more Hibernian is the style. As to the latter, there is scarcely an Irish virtue or an Irish vice that is wanting in it. It is alternately charming and provoking, pretty and slovenly, clever and confused, pious and profane. Just as the author is becoming amusing she spoils her wit with a pun; when she has got her plot and her characters so hopelessly involved that we are on the point of throwing her book down in despair, she obtains our forgiveness and regains our interest by a smart sally or an irresistibly entertaining situation; sometimes her descriptions are wonderfully true to nature, at others they are even more wonderfully opposed to it, and her whole work is an extraordinary combination of sense and nonsense. Her political views with regard to Ireland are so orthodox, and her exposure of boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, and American-
Irish intrigue is so excellent, that we could wish that every Gladstonian should read her book, were it not so palpably absurd in many places as to offer dangerous opportunities of blaspheming to the enemy. To attempt any description of this meandering story, its tangled plot, or its dense swarm of characters, would be impossible in the space at our disposal; but we may give one specimen of its style. A horse—a "grand topped" horse with plenty of bone, and no mere light pony—was in a burning stable, and too frightened to make any attempt at escape. Perceiving this, the hero,

his other arm tight round his fore-legs, he dragged him along on his side with a marvellous strength, such as he did not know until that moment he possessed, until he got him safely out into the open yard, singed and terrified almost to death, but otherwise unhurt.

Those who care to take the trouble to sift the wheat from the chaff in this wildest of novels will be repaid by finding a good deal of the former.

DUBLIN RECORDS.*

THE municipality of Dublin has so little of its ancient spirit left that this publication, which has been issued by the authority of the City Council, will come to many as a pleasant surprise. There are few cities of the same size, wealth, and importance in the United Kingdom about whose history the public in general seems to know and to care so little. Mr. Freeman has not yet included it in his series of *Historic Towns*, and the chief authorities on the subject were, till lately, marked for the most part by a rare combination of dryness and inaccuracy. Dublin, as an English city, began life as a colony of Bristol, to which place it was useful as an emporium of slaves and other articles looked upon, even in the tenth century, as contraband in more civilized ports. But Mr. Gilbert has not been forced to touch upon these early and painful episodes, and begins with the charters of the Norman kings, the first being that granted in Dublin by Henry II. in 1171 or 1172. Mr. Gilbert has already edited a volume of old Irish charters for the Rolls Series, and some of the documents then first printed are included in the present collection. Others, which are more strictly municipal and local, are now printed for the first time from the corporation archives. Like London, Dublin has her *Liber Albus*, or White Book, and has also a Chain Book, and rolls of municipal Acts which commence as far back as 1447. Henry's charter is very brief, but one granted by Prince John in 1192 is considerably larger and fuller, and was extended and confirmed in 1200, and again in 1215, after he had become king. For centuries these charters were recited in all royal grants as the foundations of municipal legislation. "So late," we read, "as 1887, the charters of Henry II. and John were produced in a court of law in sustinment of rights of the Municipal Corporation of Dublin"—rights, we may add, which have suffered more from the extraordinary attitude towards the Government assumed by the present representatives of the original grantees than they did in all the centuries which have elapsed since the English king was first called "Dominus Hibernie."

This attitude, which it is impossible not to notice as a curiosity of contemporary history, is made the more remarkable by a few minutes' examination of the contents of Mr. Gilbert's compilation. We hear so much talk nowadays about nationalities and their rights that we cannot read intelligently without constant occasion to dwell upon the lists of the names of these old burgesses. Mr. Gilbert, aware, no doubt, of the great importance in municipal history of mere lists of names, has given us plenty. We have had occasion in late years to dwell on the significance of the lists of London citizens recently unearthed by Mr. Lyte, Dr. Sharpe, and other investigators, and Mr. Ferguson has taught us how much of regular historical narrative may be deduced from such lists. We, therefore, instead of turning from them, welcome gladly the longest and at first sight least interesting of the Assembly Rolls of the fifteenth century, and before them the records preserved in the White Book. We know who were the citizens in the twelfth century. Henry addressed his charter to the men of "Bristowa," and confirmed their right to inhabit and hold his city of "Davelina." John, while prince and "lord of Ireland," also addressed the men of "Bristowe," to whom his father had given "Divelina," and only at the very end of the century are the citizens called citizens of Dublin. It is, therefore, evident that, until the dawn of the thirteenth century, the Bristol element must have been strong among the burgesses; and, no doubt, could we recover lists, we should find Bristol names largely predominant. Those which occur in the middle of the thirteenth century are remarkable for the total absence of any Irish or national element. We have documents witnessed at this period by men who might have been free of any English city. Warin de London is side by side with Thomas le Poitevin; Walter Spiciarius stands next to Radulf le Porter; William Dubelday transfers his rights to what is now College Green, but was then, no doubt appropriately, called "Hogges," to William Colet; and about 1250 we find a few citizens assuming names from their estates, so that men, otherwise evidently as much English as Roger Palmer and John de Hereford, who sign with them, are distinguished as "Philip de Balmor" and "Robert de Castelknoc." These are strictly local names, and cannot have been Irish. In the middle of the fifteenth century an Irish name, William Donagh, occurs frequently; but for the most part the citizens have English names, and as time goes on many of them are the same as those borne by members of the present Corporation. In 1453 we meet with Rowe, Eustace, Waryng, Blake, Walsh, Bernwall, Rothwell, Blakeney, Savage, and other very

* *Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin*. By John T. Gilbert. Dublin: Dollard.

typical English names; the Celtic element being represented by Donagh, and perhaps by Byrne. In the following year a strict edict against the Irish was promulgated. All manner of Irish blood was forbidden a residence within the walls; "and women—that is to say, Irish nuns—Irish clerks, and Irish journeymen, Irish 'prentices, Irish servants, and Irish beggars—men, women, and children," were expelled, excepting such as had lived for twelve years in the city. A few years before it had been enacted that no one was to be refused the city franchise, "provided he be of free condition, and not of the Irish nation."

The citizens lived in a continual state of siege, and the archives are full of warlike preparations and precautions against the Irish enemy. In 1448 we read, among the ordinary regulations, that the master and wardens of the Guild of St. George "shall be entitled to one good cow out of every prey of cows taken by the mayor, bailiffs, and commons of Dublin." There was also a Guild of Trinity, which seems to have been of a military character. A century or so later the Irish seem to have gained a footing in the city, and from that time we read of rebellions. Christopher Talbot, for example, in 1542, has an allowance made to him because three cottages of his in Ship Street were burnt in the last rebellion.

Some of the regulations printed from the Assembly Roll are very curious and do not always place city life in the most favourable light. In 1454 it was ordered that no man of law should plead in the court for any manner of man or woman, but that "every man and woman shall tell harr owne talis as they hath don of olde tyme with holpe of the courte." The same regulation is re-enacted in 1455, when the "supportyng of the Recorder" is offered to the witnesses. About the same time it was ordered that "no manner of beggar dwelling within the said city nor scholar" shall walk at night begging, on pain of forfeiting "what may be found on them and their bodies to prison." Four hundred years ago Dublin had earned the reputation she still enjoys for dirtiness, and we have the King himself complaining of it through the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant. The nuisances in the streets, he remarks, infect the air, and produce mortality, fevers, and pestilence; and the fear of pestilence prevents the coming thither of lords, ecclesiastics, and lawyers. The King commands the Mayor to remove swine, and to cleanse the streets and lanes, and, further, to expel all Irish vagrants and mendicants. Similar complaints of the state of the Dublin streets are frequent, some of them as far back as the time of Edward III. The river, which at first is called the Avenlyf or Auenlyf, is a constant offender, as it is still, and evidently neither King, Lieutenant, nor Mayor could cure the filthy habits of the people.

The strictly municipal history of Dublin should be interesting. Richard II. is sometimes said to have formally granted the title of "Lord" to the Mayor; but the Charter of Richard III., by which the Mayor and Recorder were made Justices of Oyer and Terminer within the city is more likely to have originated the usage. Of late years, when the Lord Mayor has frequently been in active opposition to the Queen's Government, there was something almost ludicrous in the continued exercise of this right. Owing to a change in the forms of procedure under a recent Act, it became unnecessary to include the name of the Lord Mayor in the commission, and it has accordingly been dropped, and we have no longer the anomaly of a judge on the Bench in active sympathy with the criminals he was supposed to be condemning. A question of purely historical interest arises. Does the Mayor cease to be entitled "Lord" and "Right Honourable"? Until quite lately a complete misapprehension on the subject of these titles prevailed; but it has been shown with some probability that the Mayor of London had the title of "Lord" from the time it was applied to judges sitting in Court. If this be its real origin, and not any special grant, in the case of London, it may well be the same in Dublin. The Mayor may have been called "Lord" from the time he became a judge, and not from any special grant. If such grant ever existed, it has not only perished, but all record of it has perished also, and the only charter which comes to help us is one, not from Richard II. or Richard III., but from Henry IV., who gives permission "to the Mayor and his successors in office to have a gilded sword carried before them—in honour of the King and of his faithful subjects of the city of Dublin—in the same manner as the sword is borne before the Mayor of London." This is the only grant which bears upon the question; and it might be plausibly argued that, as it was given before the Mayor was made a judge, so it remains in force when the Mayor ceases to be a judge; but it would be going too far to assert that the title of "Lord" accompanies the sword. On the whole, we may perhaps assume that the title of "Lord," which is first used by the Lord-Lieutenant in the reign of Charles II., was never formally granted to the Mayors, who, however, received a sword from Henry IV., a collar of SS. and a cap of maintenance from Charles II., and a chain of office from William III. As to whether the Mayor ceases to be a "Lord" and "Right Honourable," that is a question as hard to decide as it is to name the date at which he received those titles.

SCIENCE NEW AND OLD.*

THE appearance of a new volume of Sir William Thomson's collected papers, with additional matter now published for the first time, is always an event of considerable interest and importance. Several of the essays in the volume before us are already well known and have taken rank as classics, notably the articles on Heat and Elasticity contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Equally well known are the paper on Underground Temperature read before the Edinburgh Royal Society in 1860, the paper on the Secular Cooling of the Earth, read before the same Society in 1862, and the paper on the Rigidity of the Earth, read before the Royal Society in 1862. In the second of these papers a "middle path," not generally safest in scientific speculation, but perhaps so in this case, was taken between the views of the catastrophic geologists and those of the uniformitarian school, and the conclusion was arrived at that the consolidation of the crust of the earth took place not less than ninety-eight nor more than two hundred million years ago. But the papers which will be read most eagerly by mathematicians and lovers of science are those in which Sir William Thomson enters into the delicate problems connected with the luminiferous medium. He has, as everybody knows, a virtual monopoly of the more sober and serious of those etheric speculations of which we have lately heard so much. If he cannot tell us precisely what ether and electricity are, and how they are related to ponderable matter, we may feel pretty sure that nobody else can. This is a subject which, to quote his own words, "I have been considering for forty-two years—night and day for forty-two years. I do not mean all of every day and all of every night; I do not mean some of each day and some of each night; but the subject has been on my mind all these years." At the conclusion of the address on Ether, Electricity, and Ponderable Matter, delivered last year before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, he says:—

And here, I am afraid, I must end by saying that the difficulties are so great in the way of forming anything like a comprehensive theory that we cannot even imagine a finger-post pointing to a way that can lead us to an explanation. That is not putting it too strongly. I only say we cannot now imagine it. But this time next year—this time ten years—this time one hundred years—probably it will be just as easy as we think it is to understand that glass of water, which seems now so plain and simple. I cannot doubt that these things, which now seem to us so mysterious, will be no mysteries at all; that the scales will fall from our eyes; that we shall learn to look on things in a different way—when that which is now a difficulty will be the only common-sense and intelligible way of looking at the subject.

But if Sir William Thomson cannot say what electricity is, he shows us, at any rate, very marvellous analogies between the effects produced by it in the ether and certain corresponding effects produced by known forces in substances with which we are familiar. With the "viscous fluid" analogue and the "elastic solid" analogue before us, leaving so much unexplained and yet explaining so much, we can hardly doubt that in due time the problem will yield to inquiry. In the article on a "Mechanical Representation of Magnetic Force," now published for the first time, several new links are added to the chain. The idea that the ether which transmits luminous and electrical disturbances is something in the nature of a jelly—an incompressible elastic solid, without intrinsic rigidity, and yet endowed with what may be called gyrostatic rigidity, is now widely accepted; yet no one is more careful than Sir William Thomson to point out that his ether is "a merely ideal substance," and that enormous difficulties still remain to be overcome. On pages 505-509 of the present volume a popular illustration is given of a medium having the properties of an incompressible fluid and no rigidity except such as is given to it gyrostatically. The model (two-dimensional) consists of a number of rigid squares with their neighbouring corners joined by endless flexible inextensible threads. In each square a gyrostat is supposed to be fixed. The lesson was enforced, as those who were present will remember, by the familiar experiment of spinning the gyrostat.

Do not imagine [said Sir William] that a structure of this kind, gross as it is, is necessarily uninteresting. Look at the structures of living things; think of all we have to explain in electricity and magnetism, and allow, at least, that there must be some kind of structure in the ultimate molecules of conductors, non-conductors, magnetic bodies, and non-magnetic bodies, by which their wonderful properties now known to us, but not explained, are to be explained. We cannot suppose all dead matter to be without form and void, and without any structure; its molecules must have some shape; they must have some relation to one another. So that I do not admit that it is merely playing at theory, but it is helping our minds to think of possibilities, if by a model, however rough and impracticable, we show that a structure can be produced which is an incompressible frictionless liquid when no gyrostatic arrangement is in it, and which acquires a peculiar rotational elasticity or rigidity as the effect of introducing gyrostats.

Most people who have studied the theory of Heat are probably more familiar with "Carnot's function" than with the fact that its inventor was the grand-uncle of the President of the French

* *Mathematical and Physical Papers*. Vol. III.—*Elasticity, Heat, Electromagnetism*. By Sir W. Thomson, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Clay & Sons. 1890.

Reflections on the Motive Power of Heat, &c. From the original French of N.-L.-S. Carnot. Edited by R. H. Thurston, M.A., LL.D., Dr. Eng. Director of Sibley College, Cornell University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology. By Major-General A. W. Drayson, F.R.A.S. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1890.

Republic, and son of Bonaparte's celebrated War Minister. Although Carnot's conception of the nature of heat was erroneous, he saw very clearly, and he was the first to see, the conditions of the conversion of heat into the maximum of mechanical energy. His principle, that work can only be done by heat when there is a transfer of heat from a body at a given temperature to a body at a lower temperature, with the modifications proposed by Rankine, Clausius, and Sir William Thomson, still holds a prominent place in Thermodynamics. In short, the *Reflections on the Motive Power of Heat* is a work of extraordinary merit, and the idea of publishing a translation, and a life of the author (who wrote the essay at the very early age of twenty-eight, and died at thirty-six), together with a reprint of Sir William Thomson's article, was a happy one. Unfortunately the English, or rather American, dress in which the work is presented leaves much to be desired. At the outset, we are a little dazed by the dedication of the book to the present M. Sadi Carnot. It is written in the old fulsome style, and terminates unexpectedly with the announcement that the President of the French Republic "is himself deserving of enrolment in a list of great men which includes that other distinguished engineer, our own first president, George Washington." After this, who shall blame Mr. Dick in the matter of King Charles's head? But we could have pardoned this patriotic outburst if the translation itself had been accurate. Opening the book at page 66 we find a blunder, *ef* for *ik*, in the description of the reversible engine. In the note on the next page we are told that it is assumed that when a body has undergone a cycle of changes and has returned to precisely its original state it contains the same quantity of heat that it contained at first, "or else that the quantities of heat absorbed or set free in these different transformations are exactly compensated." The words "or else" should be "or in other words." At page 62 we are referred to "Note 13, Appendix B." There is no such note. In "Note B, Appendix B," which seems to be intended, the bulb of a thermometer is twice referred to as "the bowl." After so curious a mistranslation we are hardly surprised to find in the *Life* the statement that "Carnot took part voluntarily in the gayest plays, abandoning himself to lively chat." It would be easy to multiply instances. In the introduction, which is apparently Mr. Thurston's own composition, but reads in some places as if it were a translation, we are told that "Nicolas-Léonard-Sadi Carnot was, perhaps, the greatest genius, in the department of physical science at least, that this century has produced." "Bacon and Compe (*sic*)," says Mr. Thurston, "were such in philosophy." And again, "It is this man who has done more than any contemporary in his field, and who thus displayed a more brilliant genius than any man of science of the nineteenth century." Carnot's fame is too well established to need such indiscriminating and ungrammatical eulogy.

Those who have hitherto been content to believe that the axis of the earth has "a slow conical movement" had better pause, and consider their position. The accepted views of authorities are not always right; or, as General Drayson tersely expresses it, "the mere sing-song mutterings of the village sooty may contain more truth and real science than the long-incubated opinions of the overcramped dogmatic theorist." According to General Drayson, the earth has, not a slow conical movement of its axis, but a "second rotation." In other words, the axis describes *two* cones, united by their apices at the earth's centre of gravity. The entire operation is performed once in every 31,686 years. The bearings of such a discovery "lays in the application on it." General Drayson's theory enables him from a single observation to calculate the polar distance of a star for any future date—a feat far beyond the intellectual calibre of "certain gentlemen who have distinguished themselves by rushing in where more prudent persons would hesitate to tread." He has told them so; and they characterize his discovery as "a vague theory with which they do not agree." He has plied the Royal Astronomical Society with nautilus curves, and has been met, he says, with polite pigeon-holing. This is very sad; but there is, perhaps, some little excuse to be made for the Royal Astronomical Society. For, according to General Drayson, "when a novelty is brought forward in connexion with any science which has been imagined to have arrived at a state of perfection, it appears as though this novelty completely disarranged the mental machinery of those persons who were the supposed authorities at the time." And, moreover, there is comfort for General Drayson in the reflection, duly set forth in the preface, that "those persons who consider that personal abuse and the parrot-like repetition of hitherto accepted theories will disprove facts, will occupy in the future a position corresponding to that in which the opponents of the daily rotation now luxuriate."

SWITZERLAND.*

WHILE flocks of English-speaking people take their pleasure every year in Switzerland, comparatively few know anything more about the history or political constitution of the country than the legends of Tell and the oath of Rütli, the

names, perhaps, of one or two famous Swiss victories, something vague about Calvin, and that they are travelling in a Republic. As, however, Swiss history is peculiarly interesting and instructive, and has, moreover, to no small extent been decided by the physical conditions of the different cantons, an acquaintance with it would certainly increase the pleasure of any rationally-minded tourist. A study of this volume—one of the "Story of the Nations" series—will, as far as history is concerned, be an excellent preparation for a tour in Switzerland. It is clearly written, trustworthy, and, with perhaps one exception, well arranged. The one point on which we think the authors mistaken is that they devote too much space to times when there was no Switzerland, and consequently no Swiss history. The original League was German, and the reader is likely to be confused by finding the story of how that League was formed, grew, and absorbed Romance elements introduced by an account of the Celtic Helvetii. However, the book as it stands presents the history of the various peoples that have inhabited the lands now called by the common name of Switzerland from the earliest times, and indeed begins before written records; for the first chapter is on the lake-dwellings and their inhabitants. From the reign of Charlemagne down to the thirteenth century our authors have to do with events not easily separable from the history of the empire at large, but, save in a few passages, they have managed to keep pretty close to their special subject. They have shown good sense in their mode of dealing with the two or three famous legends of the early days of the League; they tell the stories, and, instead of spoiling them by picking them to pieces, and attempting to separate the probable from the improbable, have simply pointed out that there was a time in which events more or less like those celebrated in the legends may well have taken place.

The most attractive period in Swiss history, the fourteenth century, which saw the gradual formation of the League of the Eight Cantons and the wars of the Confederates with Hapsburg dukes and Burgundian nobles, is described here with a fair amount of spirit. The League of the Eight Cantons was completed about the middle of the century by the adhesion of the city of Bern, already mistress of several outlying districts. Surrounded as they were by powerful and unfriendly neighbours, the allied cantons naturally sought to strengthen themselves by the acquisition of territory, which they gained, sometimes by alliances, sometimes by conquest, and not unfrequently by purchase. Early in the fifteenth century the dominion of the League was extended beyond purely German or Burgundian lands, for Uri seized the Leventina from Milan in revenge, as is stated here, for some high-handed proceedings of the Duke's officers in the market at Varese. The eagerness with which the allies struggled to obtain subject lands sometimes led to intestine quarrels, and the terrible defeat inflicted on the Swiss at Basle by the Armagnac companies, under the Dauphin Louis, was an incident in a war between Zürich and the other Confederates for the possession of the Toggenburg heritage. The war with Charles the Bold was, as our authors point out, occasioned by the aggressive policy of Bern, stimulated by the intrigues of Louis XI., who used the League as the means of crushing his most formidable enemy. At Nancy, where the Duke met his death, the Swiss fought, not as the forces of the Federal Diet, but as volunteers in the service of René, and the battle is, therefore, "linked with that period of mercenary service and foreign pay which became the curse of Switzerland." We have a readable account of the Reformation in German and in Western Switzerland, and of the stern rule of Calvin in Geneva. Constitutional matters receive adequate attention; the two institutions peculiar to the Swiss, the Initiative and the Referendum, being briefly and clearly explained. By the Referendum, which is of more practical importance than the Initiative, measures adopted by the Federal or cantonal assemblies are on the demand of a certain number of voters—we are speaking of the facultative Referendum—referred to the decision of the people. The Swiss, it is observed here, "are naturally averse to [sic] needless changes," and the Referendum, though introduced by the advanced Democrats, has proved a Conservative institution. Had it been part of the English Constitution during the last few years, we should probably have been saved from some mischievous experiments made simply to satisfy meddlesome wirepullers and a few pushing office-seekers. It is suggested in this book that the Swiss are more fitted by education than any other people to exercise this power. This may be true; but at the same time it is certain that, as was pointed out in these columns in a review (April 13, 1889) of the interesting volume entitled *The Swiss Constitution*, by Sir F. O. Adams and Mr. Cunningham, the Swiss peasant who is called upon to vote for or against a law for "improving supplementary schools"—to quote an instance given here—has a less difficult problem to solve than an English labourer when he has before him the election addresses of two rival Parliamentary candidates, each promising to urge or oppose the adoption of several different measures, to say nothing of the vast number of issues as to which his vote practically gives his decision, and has to pronounce on the comparative merits of the two programmes.

* *Story of the Nations—Switzerland.* By Mrs. Lina Hug and Richard Seiad. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

RECENT CALENDARS OF STATE PAPERS.*

"THE Domestic State Papers calendared in the present volume extend over only nine months, but these are among the most important in the whole history of England." So writes Mr. Douglas Hamilton, the editor of one of the two volumes before us. As in those nine months the "New Model Army" was formed, and the battle of Naseby was lost and won, few will dispute his opinion. The papers are, as might be expected, mostly of a military character, and they give much information, not only about the remodelling of the army and the campaign which resulted in the battle of Naseby, but also about the operations of the previous autumn. "The events immediately preceding and following the second battle of Newbury are those which more particularly call for careful attention, as it was these which led to the remodelling of the Parliament's forces." Of this indecisive battle (October 27th, 1644) we have here an account in two letters from the Parliamentary Commissioners with the army, Sir A. Johnstone and John Crew, M.P. They name Cromwell among a number of other officers. "Major-Gen. Skippon hazarded himself too much, Sir W. Balfour used great diligence, there being but few field officers of horse; while Waller, Haselrigg, Harrington, Middleton, Cromwell, Crawford, Holborne, Col. Greeves, and others did very good service." When, in spite of "this victory" of Newbury, the King was allowed to relieve Donnington Castle, there was great wrath at Westminster; and it was this "dishonour," as it was termed, which led to Cromwell's charges against the Earl of Manchester, to the adoption of the "New Model," and the passing of the Self-Denying Ordinance. Mr. Hamilton's remarks upon these measures, and upon Cromwell's part in them, are of much interest.

It has often been pointed out that the King, in consequence of the capture of his correspondence at Naseby, suffered morally even more than materially by his defeat; and, as the editor observes,

Wonder has frequently been expressed by historians at the carelessness of the managers of the King's affairs in trusting so incriminating a correspondence to an ordinary waggon following in the train of the Royal army, and consequently at any moment liable to mishaps in transport from place to place. But it does not appear to have been noticed that a still greater carelessness was evinced by the retention of these letters in the form of the King's drafts, whereas the originals which were sent to the Queen and his other correspondents were almost certainly in cipher, and consequently much less easily read when intercepted. . . . The real danger attaching to their publication appears to have been scarcely recognized by Charles. . . .

In their compromising character, there is a series of letters in the present volume only inferior to those taken at Naseby. These are known as the Sherburn Collection, from their having been taken in the fight near Sherburn, in Yorkshire, where Lord Digby, the Principal Secretary of State to the King, was defeated, and his letters and papers taken and sent up to Westminster.

These Sherburn letters throw much light upon the efforts of Henrietta Maria to obtain foreign intervention in her husband's favour, and upon the scheme of bringing over the Duke of Lorraine with his followers to reinforce the Royalists. Noteworthy, also, is Lord Jermyn's letter from Paris, May 8, 1645, touching a certain Colonel Fitz-Williams, with whom the Queen was negotiating, and who believed that he could raise in Ireland ten or twelve thousand men for the King's service in England. The attempt to employ Irish troops in the Civil War was "resented by the Houses at Westminster as the employment of the red Indians at the American revolt was by the colonists. They considered it a thing that no civilized people could tolerate;" and accordingly they expressed their intolerance of it by the Ordinance decreeing that no quarter should be given to any Irishman who should be taken in arms against the Parliament. Major-General Richard Browne, in his report of the defence of Abingdon in January 1643, affords us an instance of the carrying into execution of this order. "Among other prisoners we took five Irishmen, all belonging to Prince [Rupert's] regiment, whom I caused instantly to be hanged in the market place, according to an Ordinance of Parliament."

Certain poetic compositions connected with the execution of Archbishop Laud have been found among these papers. Two, of which portions only are given, are hostile and sufficiently brutal. Laud's middle-class origin is not forgotten:—

Remember now from whence you came,
And that the grandsires of your name
Were dressers of old cloth;
Go bid the old men bring their shears
To dress your cloth and save your ears,
Or pawn your head for both.

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I. 1644-1645. Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by William Douglas Hamilton, F.S.A., of H.M. Public Record Office and the University of London. Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1890.

Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding, &c., 1643-1660, preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Cases, 1643-1645. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1890.

The third, an "Elegy upon the Life and Death of [Archbishop] Laud of Canterbury," is in another strain. The paper is endorsed W. 19, "which might suggest that it had been seized amongst the poet Edmund Waller's papers when he was committed to the Tower"; but "it is certainly not in Waller's handwriting." Despite obvious faults, the elegy opens with a certain sonorous stateliness:—

Can Britain's Patriarchal Peer expire,
And bid the world good night, without a choir
Of saints to sing his requiem, and toll
A blessing bell unto his dying soul?
Shall he steal to his rest thus, and not have
A blazing star to light him to his grave;
Nor warning "Pace"? no volley-shot of thunder
From Heaven's artillery, to strike with wonder,
To ring alarms in the world's dull ear,
And read the universe with panic fear?

The other book is the second part of the first volume of the *Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding* (edited by Mrs. Everett Green), the first part of which we noticed in February last. We need therefore only remind our readers that the "Committee for Compounding" was the engine by which the Long Parliament raised money from "delinquents"—i.e. Royalists—who were willing to come to terms, in order, by sacrificing part, to save the remainder of their estates. In times of revolution a good many pecks of dirt have to be eaten by all who have not the souls of heroes; and one cannot be hard upon the men who, under the pinch of poverty and with ruin staring them in the face, abjectly profess their repentance for services rendered to the King, even though one may feel sure that, had the game gone the other way, they would have been only too ready to vaunt their activity and loyal zeal. Nicholas Blincoe, of Waltham Abbey, who "was at Oxford"—presumably as a Royalist—"but never bore arms," "begs the House of Commons to accept him as the father did the prodigal son." So the ex-Town Clerk of Chichester "was led out of the way by threats and force, but returns as the prodigal, in repentance and with tears, resolved never hereafter to offend, but to sacrifice life and fortunes in the Parliament's service." His fortunes, it seems, amounted to 33l. 6s. 8d. a year, of which thirteen pound odd "is by his office." Further, the poor man "has a wife and six children, also six orphans entrusted to his care." The Committee for Compounding "propose a fine of 40l.," more than a year's income. Fifty pounds is accepted from William Copeing, who, "being greatly in debt, was . . . induced by evil companions to become a trooper in the King's army." "On returning home in dislike of the King's service," he was made prisoner, "and endured a hard imprisonment for three months, with such extremity of cold that his toes rotted off." Henry Fetherstonhaugh of Kirkoswald represents that, being a scholar at Oxford, seventeen years old, he "was there seduced by the [Royalist] ministers, who speciously pretended the right and justice of that cause, vehemently imprecating the guilt of our bloods on their own heads if it were otherwise, or if such of us as should be slain herein died not glorious martyrs." Another beguiled and repentant innocent is Edw. Sandys, a minor, who,

being a younger brother and fatherless, was by his mother placed at school in Essex; there he was seduced by the insinuation of one of his school-fellows to forsake his book and run away into the King's quarters, where he endured great hardship and wait for a season, his mother refusing to afford him any relief.

Growing to more ripeness of years, it pleased God to give him a sight of his errors. . . .

So young Sandys made his submission, and got clear with a fine of 40l.—the poor fellow's whole fortune being 500l., which he was to receive on coming of age.

Even the high-spirited Countess of Derby—she who had defended Lathom House—pleads, albeit in no unworthy tone, to the Protector for compassion. She

was sequestered for delinquency supposed to be committed during the life of her husband, and, as she conceives, is the only woman that ever was sequestered for acting on that side to which her husband adhered. . . . If there be no other motives to compassion, pleads that she is a stranger, born a Protestant, and a widow, and mother of five fatherless children; prays that His Highness in his clemency will not think fit that there should be more severity used against her than others. Most of the compositions of the highest delinquents have been but at two years' purchase for inheritance, whereas hers is at three years' purchase for her crazy life.

There is an earlier and more piteous appeal from her son, Lord Strange, afterwards the eighth Earl of Derby:—

His wife, child, and family are utterly destitute, all his father's estate being either under sequestration or otherwise disposed of; two of his sisters have been twelve months prisoners in Liverpool, without any allowance, so that they have not a morsel of bread, but by the charity of neighbours are kept from starving. Neither he nor his brothers ever offended against Parliament, but have constantly behaved with all humility and thankfulness for the clemency shown them.

Among other names of note we remark that of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the future Earl of Shaftesbury, who found salvation (as doubtless he would have said if he had lived now—a-days) early in 1644. Then we come upon the petition of Sir Oliver Cromwell, *alias* Williams, of Ramsey, and Colonel Henry Cromwell, his son. The old knight states himself to have been sequestered at the beginning of the war "for some opposition he should make against the Parliament's forces under the command of Lieut.-General Cromwell," his famous nephew. Lastly, we pause upon the affairs of the Powell family,

known to fame as that into which Milton, neither to his comfort nor to theirs, married. In the case stated for the widow Anne Powell, there occurs the well-known, and no doubt truthful, description of "Mr. Milton" as "a harsh and choleric man," against whom she durst not prosecute her legal claims for fear of injuring the position of her daughter, "he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space upon some other occasion." Altogether, as we glance over the pages, they bring home to us a sense of the manifold private miseries of which history takes no account, or which at most it notices only in vague generalities.

KOVALEVSKY ON EARLY INSTITUTIONS.*

MR. MAXIME KOVALEVSKY is known to many students in this country as being eminent among the limited number of scholars who have seriously given themselves to the comparative study of the laws or customs of the family and of property in their early stages. Since we have lost Sir Henry Maine, and more lately Fustel de Coulanges, there is probably no one living who has a wider or better deserved reputation for competence in this field. Unluckily for the majority of European scholars, a great part of Mr. Kovalevsky's work is still accessible only in the Russian language. An accident, which we must regret for the sake of education in Russia, but, save so far as it may have been unpleasant to Mr. Kovalevsky himself, cannot pretend to regret otherwise, has this year enabled us to read some of this work in French. Mr. Kovalevsky is a professor of history in the University of Moscow, and has for some time been on indefinite leave of absence for reasons best known to the high authorities at St. Petersburg. Some say that Mr. Kovalevsky was instructed to give a course of lectures on the Russian Constitution, and humbly represented that he could not lecture on that which did not exist. Thereupon he was told that a Russian Constitution (for academical purposes) there was and must be; and when he still humbly protested that he could not find any such thing, he was advised to travel outside the Russian Empire until his perception became acuter. So it is related of a certain Oxford tutor how he cut short an earnest undergraduate's troubles about the universe. This undergraduate, minded to be an interesting young man and looking for outpourings of sympathy, confided to his tutor that he could not find a personal God. But the tutor knew his man, and the answer was unexpected. "Very well, Mr. X., if you have not found a personal God by seven o'clock this evening you must go down." Only Mr. Kovalevsky is not a person to be treated like a priggish undergraduate, even if the Russian Minister of Public Instruction were qualified to play the part of a wise tutor. We do not know whether Mr. Kovalevsky is any nearer to finding a Russian Constitution; but meanwhile, instead of lecturing at Moscow, he has lectured at Stockholm and Oxford, and the Stockholm lectures are in print. They were delivered and are published on behalf of a literary foundation which seems to be of recent date. Apart from a certain number of misprints in ordinary French words and in foreign proper names, for which a Swedish printing-office may be excused, the book is handsomely produced. The worst thing about it is a defect still prevalent among Continental books, and especially volumes of collected lectures or articles, the total absence of an index or analytical table of contents. A work of this kind, which is full of various and detailed evidence, is difficult to follow or appreciate without more guidance than bare headings of chapters; and the reader is almost driven to make an index for himself. Doubtless he will have a certain reward in knowing the book much better when he has made it; but still he will not be satisfied.

Mr. Kovalevsky considers the archaic type of the family in relation both to marriage and kinship and to the origin of private property. Readers interested in these matters need not be reminded that they have been the subject of much controversy, or that in some cases the controversy has been as acute as if it had been concerned with modern politics and not with prehistoric society. Mr. Kovalevsky's temper and discretion are excellent. He cites his predecessors chiefly to praise and confirm whatever they have made good; and when he differs with them it is in measured and courteous language, whether it be with Maine on one side or Fustel de Coulanges on the other. It is, indeed, specially to be lamented that Maine never had such an opportunity as this book would have given him of justifying or revising certain parts of his work in a non-controversial manner. He would have found Mr. Kovalevsky ready to meet him half-way, or at any rate to build him a golden bridge. For one thing, Mr. Kovalevsky is free from the vice of having cocksure theories of what the primitive condition of human society was. He does use the word "primitive," but is careful to explain that he uses it in a relative sense to denote the earliest definite stages of family life of which anything is known. In this sense he applies it to the "matriarchal" condition of the family. He holds, in other words, that the most ancient known form of human family life is that in which kinship is traced through females, and a man is known as the son of his mother, and not as the son of his father—if, indeed, the father is known at all. At the same time Mr. Kovalevsky refuses to accept the hypothesis, maintained by

some recent writers, that this state of things arose out of a still more primitive state of sexual anarchy. We always find rules and restrictions of some kind, though they are widely different from those which can be found in any society of a modern type. So far Mr. Kovalevsky agrees with the MacLennan school (as we may shortly call them), as against Maine and (again to use a compendium) the high Aryan school generally. But he points out that the difficulties experienced by the newer school were partly their own fault. They collected facts from the history and manners of almost every race of mankind except those which have taken the leading parts in civilization—the Aryans and the Semites. "Les deux grandes races dont l'évolution constitue l'histoire même de l'humanité sont à peu près omises par leur écrivains." It was not surprising, then, that writers who, like Maine, combined a thoroughly classical training with a cautious temper should turn a deaf ear to their novelties.

Mr. Kovalevsky cites evidence for the relatively primitive "matriarchate" from a pretty wide field, and strengthens the case on the Aryan side by the results of his own inquiries in the Caucasus. In addition to certain marriage customs which look very like survivals from polyandry of the Nair type, it appears that in some Georgian tribes the maternal uncle of a slain man is the proper person to take up the blood-feud, and that when it is compounded he takes the chief share of the fine. In Germanic and Slavonic tradition there are also traces of kinship on the mother's side having been the most important of family bonds, if not the only one. The maternal uncle or nephew is the avenger of blood; the murder of a brother or a mother's brother is less expiable than that of a husband or father. As for the evidences in classical Greek literature (among which Mr. Kovalevsky strangely omits the story of Antigone), we confess that they seem to us too slender to build much upon. They suffice to answer the objection that, if Greek society was once matriarchal, there ought to be traces of it in Greek legends; for, if we grant the probability of such a state of things in prehistoric times, these passages, in which maternal kinship is exalted, are such traces as we might expect to find. But they are not so strong or unambiguous as to prove anything directly. Thus it is quite true that Lysaon, the son of Priam, begs quarter of Achilles on the ground that he is not the full brother of Hector. But in the first place Achilles wholly declines to admit his appeal, and in the second place Lysaon is not a Greek. If one were inclined to refine upon Homeric incidents (which we are not), the inference would seem to be that the Homeric Trojans were still in a more or less "matriarchal" condition which, by that time at all events, was foreign to the Homeric Greeks. Again, in the case of Orestes, as presented in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, let us allow, for argument's sake, that the victory of Apollo over the Erinyes is certainly a victory of the patriarchal over the matriarchal idea; but then, how are we assured that the idea represented by the Erinyes is really Hellenic, and is not rather a survival from the religion and manners of some prehistoric people whom the Hellenes displaced? A similar difficulty hangs about almost all the Indian evidences, such as the well-known case of the polyandrous Pândava marriage in the *Mahâbhârata*. Semitic evidence, again, is hardly conclusive. Certainly Gideon (Judges viii. 19) avenges the sons of his mother upon the kings of Midian; but there was obviously no one else who could do it; and the context shows the idea of succession through males as fully established ("Then the men of Israel said unto Gideon, Rule thou over us, both thou, and thy son, and thy son's son also," v. 22). The witness of Egyptian antiquity would be of capital importance if it were definite; but at present it does not lead to any conclusion save that kinship through females and kinship through males were both recognized in very ancient times. Mr. Kovalevsky suggests that the rule of tracing descent through the father may have been of sacerdotal origin. This may be so; but, if so, it is curious that the process has been the other way in the history of Hindu law, where the relaxation of strict agnatic rules, especially in the Bengal school, is of Brahmanic and comparatively modern introduction. We must wait on the progress of Egyptology for more light; and meanwhile it would seem, taking the historic civilization of the Mediterranean basin all round, that the matriarchal theory is still only an admissible hypothesis. Our own inclination, in proceeding from the known to the unknown in this matter, is to give considerable weight to the analogies of the development of archaic societies in other matters. It is known that the formation and growth of institutions has taken very similar courses, even in detail, in many cases where imitation is out of the question. And, on the whole, we are disposed to think that the Mediterranean nations from whom all Western civilization is directly or indirectly derived did at some time pass through a "matriarchal" stage of society. We do not think, therefore, that the patriarchal state can be safely called primitive in any acceptable sense of the word, even as regards Greek, Roman, or Hindu society. But in any case the transformation to the patriarchal state was in these cases singularly complete and early, and from such indications as exist we should conjecture that it was rapid. If the supposed immemorial patriarchate of Aryans and Semites disappears, the peculiar character of the transformation remains to be accounted for, and the problem certainly lacks neither interest nor difficulty.

Indeed, Mr. Kovalevsky can give us only a vague picture of

* *Tableau des origines et de l'évolution de la famille et de la propriété.* Par Maxime Kovalevsky. Stockholm: Samson & Wallin. 1890.

the normal mode of transition from a matriarchal clan to patriarchal families. It is supposed that the difficulty of finding sustenance for a large clan would compel it to disperse in smaller family groups, and that these smaller groups, consisting generally of one couple with their children and slaves, would become patriarchal by force of circumstances. The one piece of distinct evidence of a state of transition appears to be that in some Red Indian tribes, whose constitution is in a general way patriarchal, it is a matter of choice whether a newborn child shall belong to and be brought up in the father's or the mother's clan. One explanation of the strange custom known as the *couvade* is that it is a symbolic fiction belonging to this transition. The father is compelled to pretend to be a mother before he can acquire the authority over his child which belonged to the mother in a more ancient order of things. Mr. Kovalevsky seems to have no doubt that this explanation is the right one; and it certainly hits off the elaborate clumsiness of archaic reform. But there have been other and hardly less plausible explanations; and once more we seem to be driven back upon a general estimate of probabilities which is not as yet reducible to rule. From the constitution of the archaic family we are naturally led to a problem closely implicated with this, and quite capable of having practical bearings for our modern uses, that of the origin of private property, and especially of village in land. Mr. Kovalevsky's knowledge of the history of village communities in Russia and other Slavonic lands has enabled him to bring us notable contributions of material as well as the benefit of his judgment. Our account of his results must be reserved for another article.

MARKET HARBOROUGH PARISH RECORDS.*

PROBABLY the most enthusiastic and patriotic of the inhabitants of Market Harborough would not claim that his town held one of the foremost places in English history; and yet this volume of extracts has more than local interest, and will lead antiquaries to look forward with some anticipation for the volume which is to succeed it. The editor has aimed at supplementing the information given by Nicols rather than making a fresh history. The town is peculiarly situated, for it is in two counties and in four parishes. There are other intricacies which need not be mentioned. Market Harborough is, of course, mentioned in Domesday, and it is a place laudably attached to ancient customs, and has duly held its Tuesday market for a period of more than six hundred and sixty years, as is shown by the fact that in 1219 Rothwell was ordered to change the day of its market from Monday, on which it was then held—to the alleged detriment of Harborough market, on the same day. Two years later the King allowed Harborough market to be changed from Monday to Tuesday, for what reason is not stated. The jealousy of market towns with respect to their privileges is further shown by the fact that these two rivals were seven miles apart. Those who think that current pronunciation is always a corruption where it differs from the current spelling may be invited to consider the fact that Rothwell is now pronounced "Rowell" by its inhabitants, and is so spelt in the document of 1219 just referred to. The first known rector and the first known vicar of Bowden appear in 1238. The vicar was appointed by the rector with the consent of the patron of the living. The first mention of Harborough Chapel appears in a taxation-roll of Bishop Lexington. The oldest of the town documents now remaining belongs to the first half of the thirteenth century, and contains the names of two fields—Tongsty and Scirdy Kotys—which can be traced in succeeding documents down to the enclosures of 1776, a period of 500 years. Edward I. gave the manors of Bowden and Harborough apparently as part of the dower both of Queen Eleanor and of his second wife, Margaret of France. The place was a thoroughfare town, and in the same reign we find complaints of Northamptonshire burgesses being made to pay toll there in spite of their chartered exemption. We find also the son of the Harborough chaplain arrested at Northampton Fair on a charge of having stolen a couple of overcoats and two swords, a charge of which all admirers of clerical family influences will be glad to learn he was deemed innocent. In 1292 Robert of St. Albans held the benefices of Essendon and Great Bowden, and in consideration of the zeal for religion shown by his declared intention of becoming a Crusader and going to the Holy Land at his own charges, was allowed to retain the profits of both benefices on condition that due rites were performed and the cure of souls not neglected. But this Papal dispensation is dated only a few days before the fall of Acre, and it is not likely that the militant Churchman was called upon to take the cross. A militant Churchman of another kind was Master Roger, who in 1294 received sentence of greater excommunication until he made amends for having laid violent hands on Master Richard, both of these worthies being clerks of Bowden. In 1320 the burial-ground of Great Bowden had to be "reconciled," having been polluted by the violent shedding of blood. In 1343 there is a record of a field "*Ubi Godwynus ore moriebatur*" (sic), and the name of that place was "Godwin's Ox" for at least 300 years,

* *Market Harborough Parish Records to A.D. 1530.* By J. E. Stocks, M.A., assisted by W. B. Bragg, two of the Trustees of the Town Estate. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

"a clear proof," observes Mr. Stocks, "that one amongst the many sources of field names is to be found in simple local facts, the memory of which soon passed away, though the name remained." In 1380 the inhabitants successfully claimed exemption from payment towards the expenses of the members of Parliament on the ground that their lands had been held by the Crown since the time of the Confessor. Two years later there was a heresy hunt, and William of Swinderby, the hermit priest who had been convicted of heterodoxy, was restored to the church on condition that he read a recantation in eight churches of the diocese on eight successive Sundays. One of the places in which he was thus to abjure Wycliff was Harborough Church. There are many interesting documents referring to the connexion of the district with the great family of Scrope. There are, in addition to the documents from which we have quoted, a number of wills of various ages, and, as matters of literature are not frequently referred in these old records, it may be interesting to note the passages referring to books in the will of Geoffrey le Scrope, Rector of Great Bowden and Canon of Lincoln. We find the bequest of 20*l.* to Baliol "Hail" for the purchase of books; to Master Richard le Scrope a copy of Osiensis and Beringarius; to John of Bawtreay "the little book which begins thus:—*Cum Cubas dicas*, 'in red ink'; to Sir John Burgh his Sarum Breviary, "so that after his death it shall be in remainder to the priory and monastery of Kirkby for the souls of my sisters de Lutterell and Hathern and for my soul in perpetuity"; to Sir Robert of Preston "the 6th book of the Decretals and the Clementines each with its gloss"; and to Sir John Feliskirk the little book called *Forma Fratris Monachi de Casibus*. The dignified ecclesiastic leaves among his many bequests two which evidence the curious custom of giving special names to drinking cups. One of these vessels was called "Nuts," and had a cover and gilt foot; the other, which was known as "Boll," was of silver, and had on its cover the arms of Lord Scrope, the owner's brother. He also mentions a silver mug, with a cover, having the letter "Y" on it.

Such are some of the many curious matters revealed by these documents, and it is due to the editor to say that, whilst carefully attending to details, he has also attempted to summarize broadly the general impressions which a careful study of them is likely to leave upon a judicious antiquary. He says:—

It is needless to point out at length the enormous differences made by things we use now as a matter of course, by good roads, by the post, by canals, and above all by railways and electricity. But beneath all these, and perhaps in spite of them, there are features and institutions which can be traced back so far that we altogether lose sight of their first beginning. The manor, the churches, and perhaps, above all, the Tuesday market, have a long ancestry, and those who use them now are only doing, under different conditions, what others before them did more than six hundred years ago. Rockingham is no longer a royal castle in the royal hunting forest, Braybrook Castle is no longer a baron's stronghold, the Trussells of Marston, the Harcourts and Beauchamps of Kibworth, the Latimers of Burton and Corby, the Bassetts of Sutton and Weston, have passed away, at all events from this district, together with the great abbey and the military orders, once so dominant a feature in English life; but life in towns like Harborough, and villages like the Bowdens, is still the life of the English community, and is healthy and prosperous in so far as duty to the community is recognized and discharged faithfully under the wonderful conditions of modern times (pp. 157-8).

This lesson of the essential identity of the past England and the present, the unbroken continuity of local and national life, is one that needs to be strongly and continually impressed upon the present generation; and the lesson, if well learnt, whilst it will not prevent any useful reforms, may hinder rash changes, and will certainly deepen that sense of public spirit and public duty without which the community cannot exist.

VOCES POPULI.*

THE humour of Mr. Anstey is so bright and facile, and at its best so genial in expression, there is not the slightest chance that it should fail in its appeal to those who have the gift or those who enjoy it in others. There is no risk of its leading to estrangement among friends, as when Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt fell out concerning Butler, and as when the discussion of Swift's humour causes, as it has and will, strange disorder in the ranks of the humorous. Mr. Anstey's humour is not of this recalcitrant quality. It engages all and sundry, as with a quickening spirit, on the instant; and it has never made a happier show than in *Voces Populi*. These diverting illustrations of the unaffected colloquies and conversations of the British people possess all the charm and suggestiveness of a great artist's first designs. They are vigorously sketched and aptly dramatized. They may be said to gain greatly by their collection in book form from the pages of *Punch*, where from week to week they delighted all readers, if only because now the range of Mr. Anstey's observation and the keen, easy play of his humour may be correctly estimated. Mr. Bernard Partridge's clever drawings must also be accounted a valuable acquisition. They realize Mr. Anstey's types, in many instances, with perfect success. Mr. Partridge's third-class passenger who is not for "takin' a libbaty"; the head butler announcing that "the tapestry along the walls is Gobbling"; the Hyde Park orator, though not

* *Voces Populi.* By F. Anstey. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

obviously an Irishman, as he should be; the strong-minded matron with three defenceless children—these and others could not be better in spirit and in illustrative force. It is surprising how true and fresh these amusing *Voces Populi* are, and yet familiar do they sound as the oft-heard yet unregarded humours of the crowd of sightseers at a picture gallery, the Lord Mayor's Show, "at a Show Place," and so forth, all reproduced with admirable spontaneity and drollery of contrast. The dialogue of the good boy and the bad boy at the restaurant, and of the Prosaic Persona be-puzzled in a Bond Street exhibition; the exquisite intercepted talk at a theatrical *première*, the rival juniors at a legal Luncheon Bar—to cite a few examples—are all of that rare order of entertainment that leaves us agog for more of its kind.

NEW ETCHINGS.

WE have received from Messrs. Boussois, Valadon, & Co. etchings of two famous and admirable pictures. M. L. Kratké has spared no pains in rendering the stately Constable called "Hampstead Heath," with its vast expanse of open country illuminated by showery light. This is a conscientious etching, and as a sort of topographical study or elaborated key to the composition it leaves nothing to be desired. But it is a little wanting in colour, the touches are dry, and it cannot be said to reproduce the splendour and exuberance of Constable. The leaden sky of storm-cloud and azure, however, is well expressed.

M. G. Creux, if we have read the name aright, has been happier in his treatment of "Le Joueur de Flûte" of Corot, with whom he is probably in greater sympathy than M. Kratké is with Constable. The scheme of this picture is well known. Two columnar masses of foliage combine with a tufted rock to divide the background into two shafts of that exquisite light which Corot loved, the light that is made of successive veils of diaphanous atmosphere illuminated by an unseen sinking sun. The solemn poetry of this work is well preserved by the etcher; though even here, if we are not unduly censorious, there is that dryness of touch which the French etchers of the latest school all more or less affect.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE might have called this article "French Literature in English"; for, as it so happens, we have before us a considerable number of translations, which it may be useful to notice together while the autumn crop of the Paris press is still delayed. Very early notice was taken in these columns of the excellence of M. de Maupassant's *Pierre et Jean*, which Mrs. Bell has translated (very fairly), and Mr. Gosse has edited in the *International Library of Fiction* (Heinemann). Albeit *amicus Plato*, we do not altogether agree with Mr. Gosse's general introduction to the series, or with his particular introduction to this very striking and admirable book. It is, saying Mr. Gosse's respect, an entire begging of the question to say that "life is now treated in fiction by every race but our own with singular candour"; the difference thus glanced at may be to our credit or to our discredit, but it is not fairly to be described in these terms. However, if this is Mr. Gosse's opinion, he has a right to it as an opinion. It is more unfortunate that, being quite strong enough to criticize on his own bottom, he should have gone to Mr. Henry James for weak criticism, quoting as "just and felicitous" the statement that "it is the best of M. de Maupassant's novels, mainly because M. de Maupassant has never before been so clever." Many examples might be taken from Mr. James to show how clever a man may himself be, and yet not be a critic, but this is of the best of them. For the goodness of *Pierre et Jean* lies precisely in the fact that M. de Maupassant has seldom or never let his prodigious cleverness interfere and meddle so little with his solid genius. *Boule de suif*, his next best thing, is cleverer than *Pierre et Jean*, *Monsieur Parent* is cleverer, *Les sœurs Rondoli* is a great deal cleverer. But in this really great book the author has risen above mere cleverness, has dropped *atelier* tricks and smartness, and has worked quietly and sincerely under the inspiration and in the face of Nature. As we are in a fault-finding mood, let us add that Mr. Gosse should not, though, no doubt, he has done it by inadvertence only, follow the bad example of those who say "De Maupassant." "M. de Maupassant," but "Maupassant" is the rule, though we admit that it is broken by the baser sort in France itself, and almost unknown in England.

For Mr. Robert Bruce Boswell, the second volume of whose blank-verse translation of Racine (Bohn's Library: Messrs. Bell & Sons) has just appeared, we are sincerely and unaffectedly sorry. The harsh sentence of Prometheus—

μῶλον περισσὸν κοῦφόνουν τ' εὐθιάν—

is, we fear, the only one to be pronounced on his attempt to give blank-verse renderings of Racine's tragedy. It could not be done in the days of our ancestors; and it cannot be done now. Whether a very clever man, after reading the rhymed tragedies of Dryden for years, and thoroughly penetrating himself with their style, could do it we know not. We think he might do Corneille, but

not Racine. At any rate, Mr. Boswell is hopelessly "out of it." Let any one read this:—

Ah, yes, you love him, base deceiver!
The savage conduct that you paint so well,
Those arms that you have seen stained red with gore,
Fury, and flames, and Lesbos burnt to ashes,
All these have stamped his image on your heart,
And, far from shuddering at their remembrance,
It even gives you pleasure to repeat them.

To repeat such lines as these gives us no pleasure whatever, and we only do it to show in the best manner possible how impossible Mr. Boswell is as a translator of Racine.

It is stated in a note at the end of the volume entitled *Sainte-Beuve's Essays on Men and Women*, edited, with a critical memoir, by William Sharp (Stott), that the translations are by Dr. William Matthews and Miss Harriet Preston, a fairly well-known American gentleman and lady of letters. As their consent has, no doubt, been obtained to the reproduction, we do not quite know why their names do not appear on the title-page of what is, in effect, their work, especially as we have not perceived wherein the "editing" by Mr. William Sharp consists. His critical memoir, however, is of some length and elaboration. It opens with the statement that Mr. Sharp has "for ten or twelve years been a sympathetic reader of Sainte-Beuve." This is autobiographically interesting, and must have been very good for Mr. Sharp's soul, but the results of it are not so perceptible as we should have liked either in his style or in his matter. A "vivisectionary knife," and "a frequent remoteness of shaping emotion," are not less or more Sainte-Beuvian in form than "*de Vigny*" and "*de Broglie*" are Sainte-Beuvian in accuracy (Sainte-Beuve has a note on this very subject, which Mr. Sharp's thirteenth year of reading will doubtless reach), or than the laudation of such crude stuff as the "scientific criticism" of M. Hennequin and some English imitators of his is Sainte-Beuvian in judgment. However, as Mr. Sharp says that "It is, broadly speaking, scarcely to be gainsaid that with us criticism as an art has no acknowledged existence," we must not be too hard on him. For he as well as others must clearly underlie his own sentence, even if his charitable qualification of a "few brilliant exceptions with marked limitations" be extended to Mr. William Sharp himself. The translations are very fair, and deserved an introduction better informed, better written, and less pretentious.

Miss or Mrs. Preston (for we do not know which she is, and we have seen her called both) appears by herself—and so not in worse company—in a very well printed and pretty reprint of her translation of Mistral's *Miréio* (Fisher Unwin). The work, which is a good many years old, has a pleasant modest preface, and is readable enough, though it is perhaps not excessively faithful to the manner of the original (as, indeed, the translator frankly admits), and though that original is not equally admired by all judges.

The *Select Poems and Tragedies of Victor Hugo* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a medley of a great number of translations by almost as great a number of different hands. Some are pretty good, some very bad, and a great number very indifferent; which is, on the whole, exactly what was to be expected. But few, if any, are new, and therefore criticism of them is unnecessary. It is, we think, the fullest collection yet published.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SIR GEORGE BURNS, Bart.: His Life and Times, by Edwin Hodder (Hodder & Stoughton), is the biography of the eminent steamship-owner of Glasgow who was one of the first promoters of Atlantic liners, and the introducer of steam in the trade between Glasgow and Belfast, in 1829. Sir George Burns died last June, in his ninety-fifth year, a few weeks before the celebration of the Jubilee of the Cunard Company, of which he was a founder. His name is intimately associated with the steamship trade of Glasgow and Liverpool. With Samuel Cunard and David MacIver he signed the first contract with the Government for the carriage of mails between Liverpool and Boston and Halifax. While still a youth he saw Henry Bell's first steamer, the *Comet*, start on her first voyage from Glasgow to Greenock, and the promptitude with which he made up his mind on the subject, while most shipowners were yet waverers, shows how deeply he was impressed by Bell's experiments. His career, as set forth in Mr. Hodder's extremely discursive volume, appears to have been one of uninterrupted success. There were no staggering failures in his life, such as make piquant the record of certain "men who have made themselves." Success attended all his enterprises, and, as Mr. Hodder puts it, in his effusive way, his "life was designed to be beautiful from beginning to end." But Mr. Hodder's language is not merely effusive. It is terribly diffusive. One name introduced in his narrative leads to another, and so on, and so on, till we are astray in a maze of minor recollections, much of which is nothing but padding. One characteristic anecdote of Sir George Burns would far outweigh the pages of comment, written in the style of the tracts of the period, which Mr. Hodder supplies. If he could, as he says, have filled a volume with recollections, it is a pity he has been so sparing of that entertaining material. When he says that Sir George Burns was "shrewd and far-seeing, always on the alert, ready

to set sail whenever the right wind blew," he says the thing that is intelligible, if a little obvious. But he indulges in the vain rhetoric of eulogy when he writes "the 'beauty of holiness' shone and sparkled in every word and action, and made the merry laugh and genial smile as impressive as prayer and praise." And this is by no means the worst instance of Mr. Hodder's defective sense of propriety and proportion.

The eighth and concluding volume of the *Henry Irving Shakespeare* (Blackie & Son) appears with a preface by Mr. Irving and a "General Introduction and Life" from the pen of Professor Dowden. After a graceful reference to the labours of his co-editor, the late Mr. Frank Marshall, introducing an appropriate tribute to Mr. Marshall's work by Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Irving returns to his first and steadfast conception of Shakespeare as "playwright first and man of letters afterwards." Despite the school of critics, of whom Mr. Irving speaks, who think the poet's dramas are not for the stage at all, there is no doubt that his view will never lack popular exemplification nor popular sympathy. While we have actors Shakespeare will always be acted, if only because he has been acted. All that is stimulative in the annals of the stage, from the traditions of Burbage and Garrick, Kean and Macready, to the example of Mr. Irving himself, renders it unlikely that there should ever be any loss of influence in what is the most honourable ambition in the actor. On another matter Mr. Irving is almost apologetic. No sane person would accuse him of a Ciceronian act of "improvement" because he has indicated certain lines or passages that could be dispensed with in representation. Mr. Irving, it is true, has done this "for the use of students." But his suggested "deletion" is, we think, of genuine value to actors, and is a distinctive feature of an edition which well deserves to be known as the "Actors' Shakespeare."

There are few literary enterprises, in the way of compilation, so certain to arouse divergent opinions among all sorts of readers as selections of poetry. This expectation is increased tenfold when the faith of Christianity and the doctrine of the Christian Church inspire the poetry, as is presumably true of *Lyra Consolationis* (Longmans & Co.), selected and arranged by Claudia Frances Herniman. This little selection, intended for the consolation of mourners, is drawn from the poets of the last three centuries. To quote the Preface, "It is based on those clauses of the Apostles' Creed in which the Church confesses her belief in her Lord's Crucifixion, Death, and Burial; in His Resurrection, Ascension, and Coming again." Nothing is included, we are assured, that accords not with this design; yet we find at p. 135 certain stanzas from *Adonais* that can scarcely be "words of cheer" to those for whom the book is intended. There may be more than the unsophisticated can detect in the line

No more let Life divide what Death can join together;

but the reader of Wesley, who is represented in the same volume, may only regard it as an incitement to suicide.

Mr. J. Pierce's sonnets and lyrics, *In Cloud and Sunshine* (Trübner & Co.), show genuine sympathy with the moods of nature and a ready command of expression in suggesting them. Mr. Pierce's method is pictorial rather than interpretative. He pleases, frequently, the contemplative spirit, both by the sentiment and the descriptive power of his verse.

Faithfulness and Blessed be Drudgery (Glasgow: Bryce) are two very small booklets by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, composed of brief moral essays, and bound in what appear to be real boards, a binding that simulates the surface and grain of wood. The discourses of Mr. Jones on the dignity of labour, on friendship, faithfulness, and other inexhaustible themes are designed to cheer the downhearted and afflicted. A kindly preface by Lady Aberdeen serves to introduce these American books to the English reader.

Among recent translations we have a selection from the minor writings of Balzac—*Don Juan; and other Stories* (Walter Scott)—and a version by S. J. MacMullan of *Senilia* by Turgénieff (Bristol: Arrowsmith); a curious collection of sketches, suggestive of a novelist's note-book, written during the last years of the author's life, and re-entitled *Poems in Prose* by their first editor. Several of these thoughts and outlines are strikingly fantastic.

The new volume of the "Camelot" series, *The Annals of Tacitus* (Walter Scott), comprises a selection from Tacitus, "the strongest, the austere, the most pregnant of all the Romans," as Mr. Arthur Galton, the editor, has it in his well-considered historical introduction. The selection is made up of Gordon's translation of the first six books of the *Annals*, the description of Germany, and the Life of Agricola.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the translator of the *Pensées d'une Reine*, by Carmen Sylva, claims for *The Thoughts of a Queen* (Eden Remington & Co.) a moral superiority over the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld. The comparison suggested in his preface is really based on the judgment of "the ingenuous young lady," and on such a question no person of sense would accept the verdict of "any candid, simple-minded person." There are some neat and shrewd sayings in the collection, though we cannot join Mr. Edwards in praising their originality. The first we chanced on, "A little contradiction animates conversation," which, says Mr. Edwards, "is piquant to hear from a Queen," is the same as Cowper's

Discourse may want an animated No
To brush the surface and to make it flow,

and yet inferior as an epigram.

We have also received a new edition of *Miss Tommy*, by Mrs. Craik (Macmillan & Co.); the fifth edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting and Preserving Trophies*, with numerous illustrations (Simpkin & Co.); *F. R. H.; and other Stories*, by W. H. Stacpoole (Dean & Son); *Harmony in Praise*, compiled and edited by Mills Whittlesey and A. F. Jamieson (Boston: Heath); *Creation's Hope*, by Marcus S. C. Rickards (Buller & Son); and *Sonnets*, by R. E. Loft (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Veuve J. BOYVEAU, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALLIGNANI's, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 & 85 Duane Street, New York, and at Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM's, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newswagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,825, OCTOBER 18, 1890:

Chronicle.

Ireland. Archdeacon Farrar, &c.

Praise for the County Council. His Own Soul.

Rowdies and Ranters. Labour and Wages.

The Use and Abuse of the Revolver. Mr. Gladstone Appeals.

Poisoning by Vastry. Mr. Lecky's New Volumes.

Fatal Fires.

Professor Sellar.

Vaucluse. Notes from the Zoo—Rhinoceroses.

Money Matters. The Parliament of Pamiers.

The Rabalais Gallery. Tree-Planting in Towns.

The Decay of Rural New England.

The Lake Dwellers of Europe.

Atlases and Topographical Books. Novels.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Miscellaneous Literature.

Dublin Records. Science New and Old.

Switzerland. Recent Calendars of State Papers.

Kovalovsky on Early Institutions.

Market Harborough Parish Records. Voces Populi.

New Etchings. French Literature.

New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.